SURVEY GRAPHIC

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and others answer Fred Howe's question —

WHERE *are the* PRE-WAR RADICALS?

Behind the Boom in Florida - - - *Lucy J. Chamberlain*
Wilkes-Barre: An Anthracite Town - - *Anne H. Roller*
Herbert Spencer: and My Search for a Creed - *Beatrice Webb*

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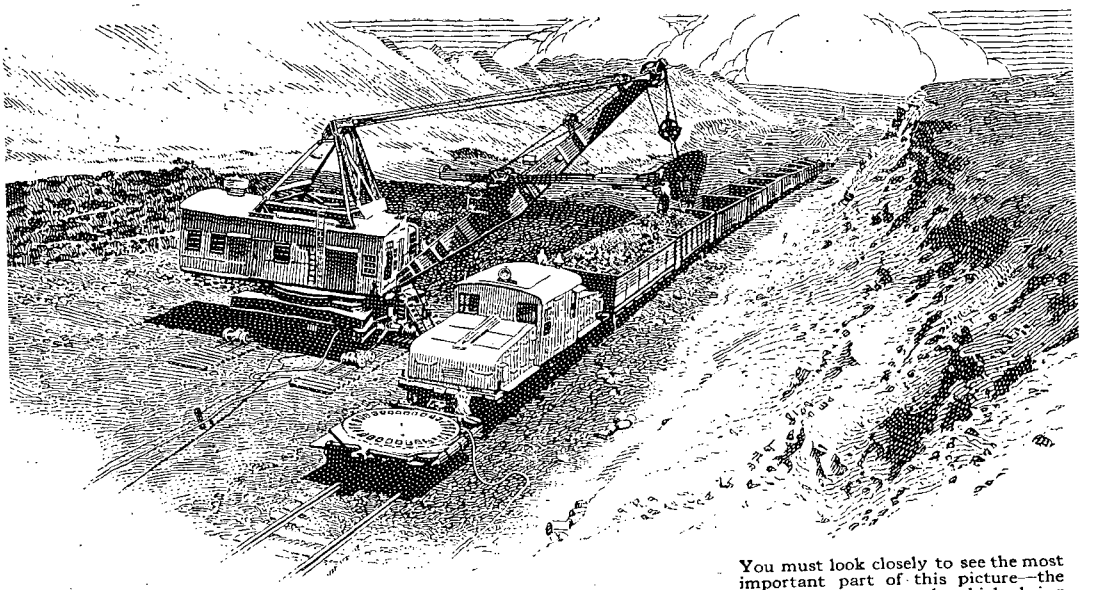

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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In Aid of a Fireproof Home at Hawthorne

The Servants of Relief For Incurable Cancer Declare

Who would say that cancerous poor cannot have a fireproof house for a hundred patients in Westchester County, while a clubhouse and golf links would be a sensible outlay in any pretty place? Again, who wants to see patients burn up, whether they are rich or poor?

Your work is unique, and the comfort you give your poor sufferers is wonderful. I was so impressed by my visit that I have been brimming over with admiration. I have visited many hospitals and homes all over, here and abroad, but none can come up to your home. It is a wonderful piece of work. You deserve all the help you need for the building mentioned.

Very sincerely yours,
MRS. S. B. STANTON.

I have known about this lofty work of yours since long ago—indeed, from the day you began it; I have known of its steady growth and progress, step by step, to its present generous development, and assured position among those benefactions to which the reverent homage of all creeds and colors is due; I have seen it rise from seedling to tree with no endowment but the voluntary aid which your patient labor and faith have drawn from the purses of grateful and compassionate men; and I am glad in the prosperous issue of your work, and glad to know that this prosperity will continue, and be permanent—a thing which I do know, for that endowment is banked where it cannot fail until pity fails in the hearts of men, and that will never be.

Sincerely yours,
S. S. CLEMENS,
"Mark Twain."

MOTHER M. ALPHONSA LATHROP, O. S. D.
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A Glimpse Ahead

IS there a crime wave? To doubt it is to commit blasphemy in the face of the front-page headlines.

Is there an anti-crime wave? Commissions, committees, conferences, contests for prize panaceas, books, pamphlets, interviews, a great hubbub of organization and conversation answer Yes.

Where do the waves come from? And are they going anywhere? Or just waving?

The Survey Graphic for March will be devoted, in part, to these questions and some possible answers. Some of the articles which will appear in that number are listed below.

Is There a Crime Wave?

By George W. Kirchwey

Ten years practice and twenty-five years teaching of law qualify Dean Kirchwey to speak with authority of the biggest job the law attempts to tackle. Close study of the penal problems of several states, as an official commissioner, as warden of Sing Sing, as an unofficial specialist, and nine years teaching of criminology at the New York School of Social Work lie behind his moderate and convincing study of the crime wave in this issue. He weighs the evidence, and makes an effort to sift out the facts of record from the sometimes hysterical interpretations which have been put upon them.

Does Punishment Pay?

By Charles Platt, M.D.

The first answer to an "outbreak of crime" is always the same as Alice in Wonderland's Duchess': "Off with their heads!" If we can just put everybody who's dangerous in jail and keep them there for the longest possible time, with perhaps a bit of flogging and solitary confinement thrown in, discipline will prevail and society will be vindicated! It is an old attitude, and nothing we have learned in the last quarter century makes it any less a fallacy than it has always been. Dr. Platt, who recalls the lessons we have learned—or should have learned—in some centuries of penology, and who argues for a better way, is a retired physician of Pennsylvania, author of The Psychology of Social Life and a varied list of other books, and president of the National Probation Association.

Crime and Cure

By Karl A. Menninger, M.D.

"So long as offenders are sentenced according to a book instead of studied according to principles the results will continue to be as inadequate as if doctors prescribed twenty days for every case of appendicitis, six months of castor oil for every cancer, five years for every imbecile." So said Dr. Menninger, psychiatrist and professor of criminology at Washburn College, in addressing the National Conference of Social Work. He will sketch the answer to the question of crime that is offered by our growing knowledge of the mechanism of human behavior.

Crime and the Law

By Raymond Moley

When the Cleveland Foundation made its searching study of criminal justice, reviewed in The Survey in October, 1921, and for several years thereafter, Mr. Moley was its director. Since then he has come to Barnard College to teach government and politics. But this winter he has been putting his experience in the study of the courts and their functioning at the service of the Missouri Association for Criminal Justice, which has been surveying the way in which the state and counties of Missouri are doing their job in the administration of justice. Professor Moley will sketch the way in which the structure of government behaves when the crime wave beats against it.

Crime and the Cell-block

By Austin H. MacCormick

Mr. MacCormick, of Bowdoin College, has been in first-hand touch with conditions in perhaps every state penitentiary from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He will write of the part the prisons play in impounding—or reflecting—the crime wave.

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The Gist of It

FLIVVERS, Spanish moss, palaces and prohibition which isn't, are parts of the picture Lucy J. Chamberlain—for years a resident of Florida, now student and teacher of community organization in the New York School of Social Work—paints of Florida in these days of the boom (p. 529). And beyond that she gives us the sort of people who are streaming into El Dorado, some of their problems and the things that are being done to meet them—the social framework beneath the checkerboard of building lots.

ANNE H. ROLLER knows a coal town at first hand, and tells its story in a way to make the clash of wills behind the strike more comprehensible (p. 534). She obtained much valuable material for her article from the proceedings of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society which for nearly seventy years has been treasuring local lore. The museum contains one of the most noteworthy collections of Indian relics in America. Miss Roller says: "The Indians are far enough away so that their handiwork is cherished. But must the present races in Wyoming Valley likewise perish from the earth before the significance of their native culture is appreciated? Think what an interesting collection might be made of Czechoslovakian embroidery, or of native peasant costumes of the various groups, or of legends, idylls and songs!"

NICCOLO CORTIGLIA, whose painting illustrates Miss Roller's article, was born in New York city, studied in Indianapolis and Florence and has exhibited his work in Paris, Rome and Venice. At present he lives in Wilkes-Barre—occupied with portrait painting—but his interest in the life of the mines has given us this striking study.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, editor of The Nation, tells of early memories of Yellowstone Park and of the splendid work which has been done under latter day management in making possible the job of caring for thousands of tourists and in protecting and conserving the great mountain wilderness (p. 542).

JAMES G. McDONALD, Chairman of the Foreign Policy Association, gives us (p. 545) his monthly survey of developments in Europe and the Near East.

HERE are the pre-war radicals rising to tell—in response to Fred Howe's question—where they have gone or stayed (p. 556). He cables from Paris we may expect a rejoinder for a later issue.

IN the second instalment of her autobiography (p. 549) Beatrice Webb draws a vivid picture of Herbert Spencer, and his times. The heart searchings of our pre-war radicals are interesting reading against the background of controversy in Mid-Victorian England.

PROFESSOR TAYLOR, who tells how Chicago "reclaimed its Daily News," (p. 572) writes from an unusual coign of vantage. Back in November 1902, the late Victor Lawson asked the head worker of the Chicago Commons to contribute a signed article to the editorial page; and with scarcely half a dozen interruptions in the twenty-three years since, Professor Taylor's articles have appeared every Saturday, interpreting to the average reader "movements, policies, political and economic issues and the men and women standing for or against them." Quite as significant is the fact that Mr. Lawson faithfully kept his agreement with Professor Taylor never to alter what he wrote without his consent; either printing it all, or omitting the whole article. This last occurred only two or three times, although many times the position taken by Professor Taylor ran counter to that of the adjoining editorial columns. The spirit in which this arrangement was faithfully carried out is a happy illustration of the broad administration of what Professor Taylor aptly calls "a public asset of the city."

IN the December 15 number of The Survey it was announced that Mrs. Elizabeth F. Baker would present the issue of protective legislation for women "from the Woman's Party viewpoint." To this identification with a particular partisan group Mrs. Baker strenuously protests. "I wish to state," she writes, "that I am not and have never been a spokesman of the Woman's Party. This article is a brief summary of my extended analysis of the material at this time available of the causes and effects of special legislation for women in industry. I reached no final conclusion because the data are insufficient. I urge that we need more knowledge of legislative effects and wherever the facts take us we must go without prejudiced alignments and without partisanship." The Survey is glad to correct its description of Mrs. Baker's position, and to renew its announcement that her article, and a companion piece by Frances Perkins, will shortly be published.

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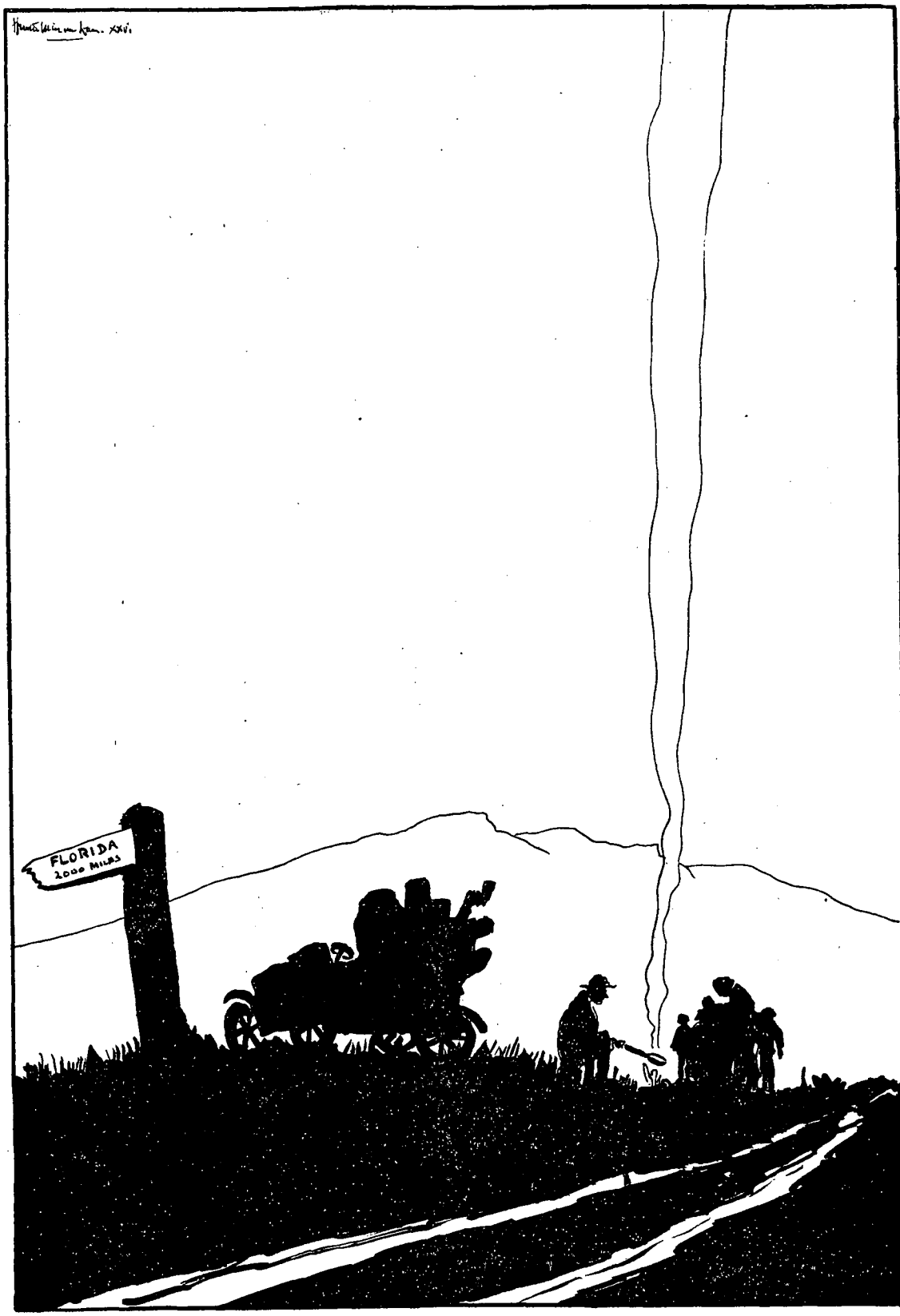

THE UNCOVERED WAGON, 1926 *Drawn by Hendrik Willem Van Loon*

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SURVEY GRAPHIC

FEBRUARY
1926

Volumne VIII
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Behind the Boom in Florida

By LUCY J. CHAMBERLAIN

IF gossip is true there's no parking space this winter between the cars that line the roads from everywhere to Florida. The long black caravans meet in the sunshine of the Dixie Highway. The language of the road begins and friendships and rivalries are formed which often determine the destination of the travellers.

It would seem impossible that Florida could house and feed this seething mass of people; it takes strenuous work night and day to meet the demands of the situation. At Jacksonville, the gateway of the land of promise, the trails diverge and the people scatter, later to gather in tented colonies, or communities of rough wooden barracks or seaside bungalows. These strange, picturesque communities have been planted throughout the state in the outlying sections of quaint, sleepy southern villages, old Spanish towns, dreary swamps, ranch country, and alluring spots along the sea. The aristocrats of wealth scorn these humbler colonies of "tin can tourists," and in pullmans and limousines go far south to the exclusive hotels that charge approximately the weekly wage of a bricklayer for a room and bath for a day. To house all these people and to keep them happy and amused, magnificent hotels, Spanish cathedrals, wonderful golf courses, palatial bathing casinos, dance halls, and tea gardens have been thrust into the picture.

Thus Florida has become to the people of America what New York is to the immigrant, the melting pot of the nation. Herein lies one of the basic factors of her rapid progress. Americans from North, East, South, and West have come together to live in Florida, and have brought to this young state new ideas, the results of tried experiences in older communites; and these ideas and experiences have been pooled for the benefit of Florida's growth, thus taking her by swift stages through changes that older communities encounter only slowly. Therein lies the social import of what is happening—its opportunity and its pitfalls.

In its larger outlines, this swift, spectacular growth has gripped the imagination of the country. Not so many years ago, according to popular conception, Florida was composed mostly of treacherous swamps and tropical jungles, abounding in alligators, strange reptiles, and big spiders. Florida produced oranges, pineapples, turpentine, and long staple cotton. Geography taught this. Florida was remote, wildly beautiful, a land of flowers and palm trees and old oaks hung with Spanish moss. The picture-books revealed that. In Florida was located the first settlement in the United States, St. Augustine, a city of old world charm, of narrow streets and overhanging balconies. The histories told that. Thus vaguely most of us would sum up our early impressions of the Florida that is today the most talked about place in America.

FLORIDA is a pioneer state, although she wears the aura of four centuries of history. Like the proverbial Rip, she has been asleep, and probably would have gone right on sleeping had not northern capitalists discovered her. It took some years to awaken her, in spite of the millions poured into investments and the influx of wealthy tourists who made of her southern shores a famous winter playground. An early opinion prevailed to the effect that the heat of Florida was to be shunned, except during the three winter months, and this impression made Florida's prosperity a seasonal one. During the season the natives made as much money as possible from the tourists and the tourists speculated in native real estate. The natives set about trying to prolong the tourist season and the transient capitalists, through their real estate agents, began the propaganda to convince outsiders that Florida was a good all-year-around place in which to live.

At this stage of the game, the foreign capitalists and the natives reached a point of agreement, and cooperation began for the development of Florida's resources. The natives who controlled appropriations and legislation had up to this point been dazed, too overcome by the suddenness of the changes to be willing to swing the large bond issues urged by the speculators. Convinced at length that it was to the advantage of the state to do so, the legislature appropriated

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money for good roads and announced its intention to reclaim the Everglades. The local civic organizations and the private syndicates got busy with their stupendous publicity schemes and the rush for Florida began.

The resulting folk-movement has even outstripped the rush for the Far West when gold was discovered. The great game is one of gambling on options, and it is being feverishly played.

TRUE it is that the majority of these newcomers are interested in making money, but Florida is awakening to the fact that civilization is not just a huge checkerboard of real estate lots. The invasion of the state has brought with it social problems of such a serious nature as fairly to swamp the local governments and the welfare organizations.

First of all, there are the big problems of sanitation connected with the mushroom communities—water, sewerage, milk and food inspection. More serious still is the problem of preventing contagious diseases. Within the past few years the state Board of Health has released a field force of around thirty nurses, doctors and sanitary inspectors for work on these problems, and this winter the governor called an extraordinary session of the legislature to enact laws providing additional appropriations for general sanitary improvements.

Secondly, the very people themselves who are caught in this whirlpool of activity constitute an overwhelming social problem. This does not apply to one class, but to all classes. The wealthy must have their drinks and they get them. Along the southern shores, and particularly in certain islands, prohibition just "isn't." From points along the southern East Coast, hydroplanes and aeroplanes take the idle rich swiftly to Bimini, where a diverting time and all manner of drinks may be had in picturesque gambling casinos. The more courageous patronize the local bootlegger and his wares are good, for without marked interference from those in authority, the best sort of liquor pours in. In one place, as the story has it, when a liquor cargo lands, a fire alarm attracts all the inhabitants to one end of the island, while at the other the cargo, unmolested, is landed and stored away before the fake alarm is discovered. If one seeks diversion outside Florida, a trip to Cuba by aeroplane is only a matter of a few hours, and one may play the lotteries and drink to one's heart's content and get back for breakfast the next morning. In other ways, Broadway standards have been superimposed on the rural South. Before the real estate boom, Florida's moral standards were controlled largely by the goodly doctrines of the Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches, but since the invasion, Florida has become a veritable Reno on the coast. Scandal sheets and Hearst papers give the lurid details of divorce cases, while the divorcées become the center of curiosity. All this has not been without its harmful effect upon native marriage standards.

The problems of the other half are less vivid, less interesting to the natives, more of a nuisance. To begin with, there are the deposits of disappointed people from previous Florida booms. The present real estate boom is not the only one Florida has known. It might be called the crest of the biggest wave, but there have been other lesser waves of prosperity—land booms, orange booms, pineapple farm booms, and the Everglades boom that ended in tragedy for so many credulous and unsuspecting investors. As a result of these booms Florida has for years had its transients, but the problem of migrants is more critical now than ever before. In the trail of the rich idlers follow hundreds of the poor and sick, lured by wonderful tales of wealth and beauty and a health giving climate. In their wake also come the usual drift of adventurers and unscrupulous fortune hunters. The latter help the crime wave along, while the former, stranded and friendless in a strange country where expenses are higher than in New York city, constitute the clientele of the health and case work agencies. There is pouring into the state a class of people who have failed everywhere else and yet cherish a vague hope of getting some share in the shower of gold. Between these two extremes are the lower middle-class people who came south with their complete savings, sufficient perhaps to buy a lot or an option, which later proved to be a bad investment. These have been caught and forced by the loss of their small fortunes into the ranks of drifters.

To meet all these social problems Florida is now organizing her forces as rapidly as possible, trying to catch up with the advance guard, straining the resources of her social welfare agencies to the limit. Up to the latter half of the present decade organization for social work and health has been trailing far behind the onward march in other regions. Thus far all the evidence would indicate that Florida's social awakening has been forced, but this is not wholly true. Such drastic changes as have recently taken place could not have been forced upon the conservative South had it not been to some degree ready to advance. One who has lived in Florida from childhood and hoped constantly for better social conditions there can testify truthfully to a much slower process of evolution. There has been a gradual awakening in Florida of that vague thing called "social consciousness."

FIFTEEN years ago there were only scattered efforts along health and social welfare lines. The professional case workers in the state numbered three—the secretaries of the Associated Charities in Jacksonville and Tampa, and the state executive of a child placing agency. The health field was almost as sparsely equipped. A director of the state Board of Health, a director of the Anti-tuberculosis Association, and a public health nurse serving the two jointly, made up the official personnel, while there were perhaps not more than four local public health nurses supported by private or public funds. Two Red Cross chapters, one having jurisdiction over the northern and the other over the southern half of the peninsular, maintained emergency skeleton organizations interested in disaster relief and life saving. State institutions were in a bad way with inadequate buildings and insufficient personnel. In fact, stories about the state hospital for the insane indicated practices of non-segregation that were almost medieval. No state facilities for the care of tuberculosis were in existence.

At the beginning of the war there came about simultaneously expansion and increased activity on the part of national organizations. The Red Cross swiftly established a separate chapter in each of Florida's sixty counties, and the two health organizations capitalized the publicity resulting from the draft examinations and urged the state legislature to make larger appropriations for health work.

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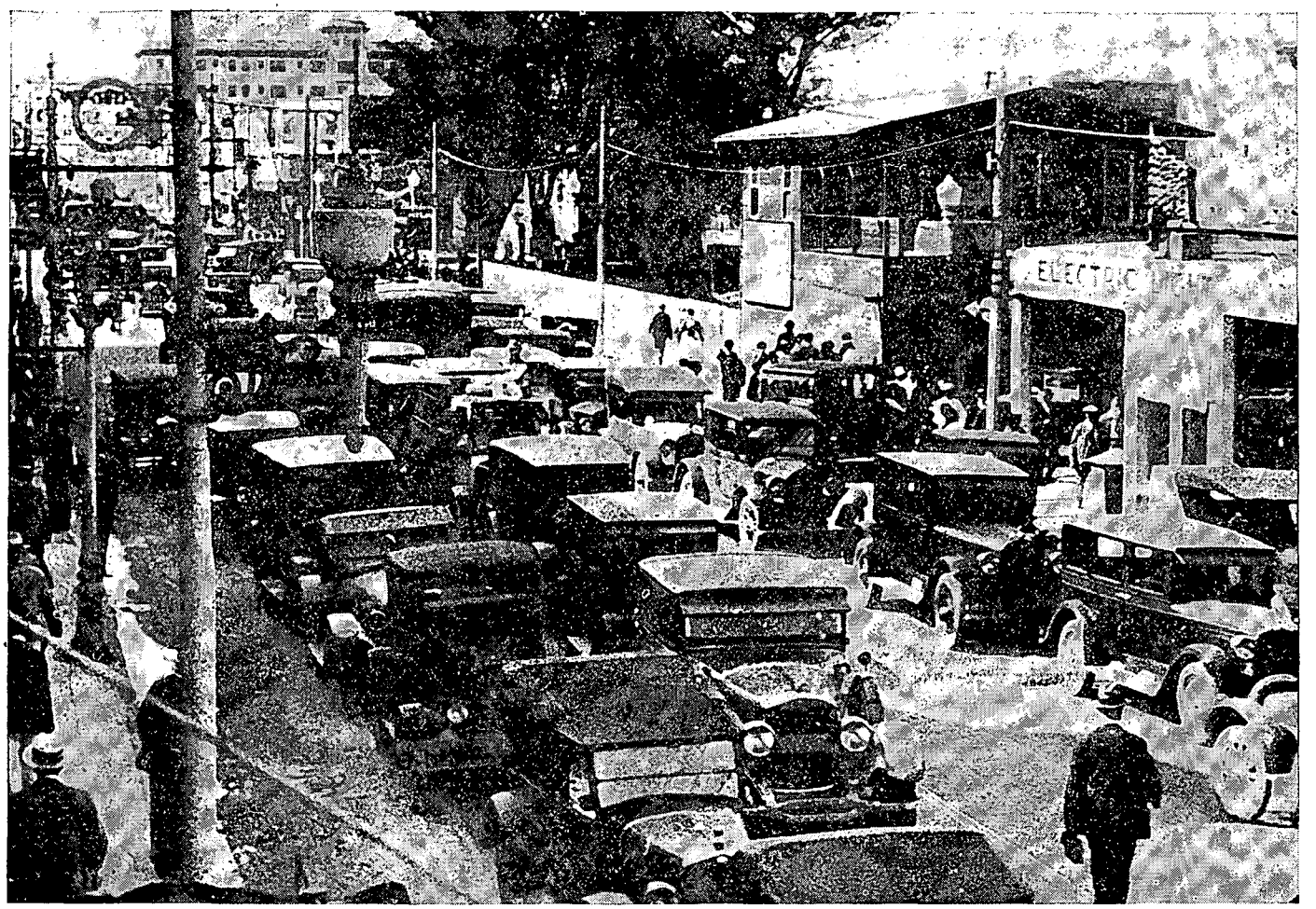

International Newsreel

The cars stand solidly packed, end to end, in Miami streets

But when the war was over, in spite of what had seemed the beginning of a new social awakening, Florida allowed her conscience to go partially to sleep again. The prodding of outside national organizations produced annoyance but not much local activity. In spite of this lethargy, however, the state representative of the Red Cross went steadily on building up her case for permanent social workers and public health nurses to replace the untrained volunteer workers of war days. The slowness with which these workers were placed might have been discouraging to a less courageous person, but the effect of Red Cross stimulation was increasingly noticeable, especially in the placement of local public health nurses.

FLORIDA was still in the state of rubbing her eyes and begging to be let alone, however, when, three years ago, she received a sudden jolt and woke up to find a black image of herself mirrored in the eyes of the country. Perhaps Florida did not really recognize herself as a social problem until her dark peonage scandals horrified the nation, arousing public sentiment to a pitch of indignation and bringing about a demand that retribution be made for her past sins in this respect by the passage of legislation aimed to make impossible a repetition of such criminal practices. How much effect this exposure had on recent progress it is impossible to say, for everything connected with Florida is so mixed up with the real estate boom that it is hard to analyze the less spectacular forces underlying its social awakening. Unquestionably this exposure added impetus to the changes being urged by the handful of social experts in the state and caused local communities to look at themselves with more critical eyes. At any rate, it is doubtful whether any state in the Union can show a more rapid record of development than that indicated by social changes in local and state organizations in Florida within the past five years.

The story of these developments is exhilarating. Too much credit cannot be given to the splendid demonstrations in social work and public health nursing made by the Red Cross from funds remaining on hand as a result of war drives. A large number of these demonstrations in public health nursing have been taken over by the city and county governments and are now under the supervision of the state Board of Health. In contrast to things as they were at the beginning of the war, the state Board of Health has at the present time a force of six or more doctors, a number of sanitary inspectors, and fourteen public health nurses, exclusive of local workers. Two years ago a Children's Code Commission was authorized by state legislation, and a prominent woman, well informed on social questions, was made chairman. On this code commission were placed several professional social workers and a number of prominent club women. One of the first acts of this commission was to call into consultation an outstanding national child welfare expert and the leader of the child labor movement. The Florida Children's Home Society now has a staff of fifty workers. The Anti-tuberculosis Association, now known

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as the Florida Public Health Association, has four or five workers, and in addition to its educational work for the prevention of the disease, has formed a state council of health agencies for the purpose of avoiding duplication of effort on the part of the fourteen agencies engaged in promoting various types of health programs in the schools. The most important job before this organization is to see that adequate hospital facilities for the care of tubercular patients are established in Florida, for the state is almost criminally negligent in this respect. A Conference of Social Work has also come into existence, though it has not yet the funds to support a paid executive.

Florida is still without a state board of welfare. The effort of the Federation of Women's Clubs three years ago to secure legislation creating such a board and making compulsory the employment of a social worker by every county in the state failed to bring about such action. Somewhat to the surprise of the clubwomen this result was not displeasing to a section at least of Florida's social workers, who felt that the time was not ripe for the passage of such legislation or for the creation of such a department. They contended that the North Carolina bill had been in many respects a failure; and felt that economic changes were occurring in such a fantastic way that a welfare department suiting the current needs of Florida might be obsolete a year from now. These social workers wished a longer time in which to do experimental and educational work in local communities before a state department was attempted.

Although greatly disappointed, the clubwomen showed a sporting spirit. Shortly thereafter they got together with the new Children's Code Commission and the sociology department of the state university to help organize a school of social work. As a result in the summer of 1924 some courses in social work were given at the University of Florida, and they were so popular that it was decided to repeat them yearly in connection with the regular summer school. To assist the university staff, various state agencies supplied both money and workers and three instructors were also brought from New York city. Clubwomen came from all over the state and a substantial number of them enrolled in the courses in social case work, child welfare, sociology and psychology and went to school from eight o'clock in the morning until six in the afternoon, even attending the open forum discussions held in the evening, together with juvenile court judges, probation officers, social workers, teachers and undergraduate students.

THE growth of federations and community chests throughout the state is another feature of the development and one is struck by the fact that the business men who favor them do not emphasize the money-saving feature as much as the argument that through federation of agencies the community is able to support enough efficiently trained workers.

If one travels much in Florida, one hears a good deal about the model plan of social organization which has been in existence in St. Augustine for the past four years and has had much influence upon other communities. St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States, has apparently been drinking deeply from her own famous Fountain of Youth. Since the Spanish American War there has been peace from enemies without, but within trouble has constantly been brewing in the nature of political struggles and religious and racial antagonisms. In this, of course, St. Augustine is not unique. Since the beginning of the Southern Renaissance, nearly every city in the South has known inward turmoil. The population of the ancient city is about 60 per cent Roman Catholic. The native white population is made up of the descendants of the early English and Spanish settlers and of the Minorcans. A third of the inhabitants are colored. In 1916 the Catholics held most of the public offices and the Protestants granted them the honors grudgingly. Political elections have from time to time been hot contests in which decided bitterness has been apparent. Feeling reached a climax some years ago when the state legislature passed a bill forbidding the wearing of a habit by teachers in the public schools. This eliminated from the teaching personnel of the public schools a number of Sisters who had been in the employ of the public education department. As a result there developed a wider breach between Protestants and Catholics, and the Catholics built schools of their own.

THEN came the World War, and Catholics and Protestants, Negroes and whites, sent forth their sons together to the battle fields of France. For the first time, against the blue skies of the city there floated a new flag—a red cross on a white background. The people of St. Augustine began to understand that in its service differences in nationality, color, creed, and politics are forgotten. Through practical experience during the war the community learned that its groups could work together. As a result all the churches, Protestant and Catholic, all civic organizations, women's clubs, men's luncheon clubs, the city and county governments, welfare and fraternal organizations, associated themselves together to work for the progress and welfare of the community. And this is how it happened.

For generations the county and city have had the proverbial system of pauper relief and pensions, and the churches have given alms to the poor. Some thirty years ago a branch of the Kings Daughters was organized. Social work had its beginnings in a visiting committee of three members appointed to investigate calls for assistance. As the work grew the women realized that they were not equipped to deal with the health problems of their families. Eight years ago they organized a District Nursing Committee. A nurse was brought down from Virginia. The Kings Daughters, unable to finance this venture alone, gained the support of the city, county and Catholic Charities.

For six years the nurse remained the only professional worker in the town. To her first job of bedside nursing had been added a startling array of duties and titles. She was dispensing relief for the city, county, and Kings Daughters, and she was probation officer and Travellers Aid worker. She was what the people in the community describe as a "lone worker." Few people knew the inner mysteries of her job, but the town proudly boasted of the number of services she rendered. At intervals the nurse resigned and left St. Augustine. Each time she was asked to return and she always came back. In the fall of 1922 she submitted a final resignation.

At this psychological moment a field representative of the Red Cross paid a visit to the local chapter. The president of the Kings Daughters appealed to her for help. It developed that she thought the community needed two workers—a social worker and a nurse. The Kings Daughters, having

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had difficulty at times with the financing of the nurse, were skeptical. The field representative suggested that the four organizations now interested should gain the support of other organizations. There was some opposition to the federation idea and to two workers: the nurse was their pet project; to turn over this responsibility to the community might leave them without any particular incentive.

Some of the women, however, had caught a vision of what a federation would mean to the community. The District Nursing Committee on its own initiative invited the twenty-seven social organizations in the county to send two representatives each to a meeting to discuss the advisability of forming a federation. Several meetings were held and finally the St. Johns County Welfare Federation came into being. Its membership is composed of two representatives each from the county and city governments, and the county school board, together with two representatives from every church and social organization doing any type of welfare work in St. Johns County.

Its work is divided into two departments, Health and Welfare, the Health and Welfare Committees being case committees of the social worker and nurses respectively. The Welfare Department handles the school attendance, probation, and family case work, while the health education program, examination of school children, and special clinics come under the jurisdiction of the Health Department. The Federation, now about to start its fourth year, employs a social worker, two public health nurses, a nutrition expert, and a stenographer, runs a neighborhood house and owns four Ford cars. The King's Daughters have turned their attention to the development of recreation, and two workers supervise the playground surrounding the neighborhood house.

The county appropriates $4,000 yearly for the use of the Federation, exclusive of its appropriation for mothers' pensions. From county funds set aside for juvenile court work the social worker receives $37.50 monthly towards her salary. The county school board has found it convenient to handle attendance work through the Federation and makes a monthly contribution of $100 towards the budget. The city government pays into the treasury of the Federation $2,000 annually. A considerable part of the budget is in this way raised by taxation. The balance is contributed by the churches, private welfare agencies and the clubs.

With great pride the people in the community aver that St. Augustine is a city without drives. Funds are raised within the organizations themselves by dues and contributions from members. Money raising is not pronounced or noticeable because most of the affairs are social events to which all the people in this community like to go.

The people of St. Augustine are tremendously proud of their Federation and believe in it absolutely. Case work technique was unknown to them three years ago and they have a naive way of explaining the advantages the new plan has over the old. It would, however, be hard to find anywhere a community with a better understanding of its social problems. The people are so enthusiastic about the federation plan that they are anxious to see other communities adopt it. The plan is being used as a model over the entire state. To cities and counties asking for assistance, the Federation has sent its city manager, its president, a member of its executive committee, and in rare instances one of its professional staff.

The influence of the example set by St. Augustine is being felt in many other communities. In one rapidly growing city on the east coast the public department of welfare became seriously involved in a political tangle. In despair the city manager traveled some hundreds of miles, visited the city manager of St. Augustine and investigated the tales he had heard about the St. Johns County Welfare Federation. He went away enthusiastic, and, oddly enough, determined to give up control of his welfare department, putting the work into the hands of a federation similar to the one at St. Augustine. In order to do this it was necessary for him to have a law or two repealed and another enacted. This he speedily accomplished, and his city and county now has an organization modelled after that of St. Augustine.

On the opposite side of the state, in a county where previously it had not been possible to support a social worker, a community which probably needed social engineering as much as any place in the state, the federation of agencies has brought about the necessary financial support. Here within two years, presumably as a result of Ku Klux Klan activities, an efficient head nurse of a county hospital was discharged when it became known at the end of several years of public service that she was a Roman Catholic. In this same town, too, about sixteen months ago, two Negro boys, alleged to have been guilty of impudence to two white women, were, without even a hearing, riddled with bullets, their dead bodies tied to the back of an automobile and dragged through the streets of the city. Yet in this town the Ku Klux Klan recently sent a representative to the new welfare federation secretary to submit plans for handling two of "their cases"! She not only discussed these cases amiably with the representative but was able to persuade him to accept a more intelligent plan of action proposed by herself.

These three communities are honestly striving to handle their social problems in a scientific manner. It seems a pity that just as Florida communities are beginning to realize the importance of trained service, and cooperation, and careful painstaking case work, they should suddenly be utterly swamped by elements beyond their control. The present situation demands that social forces within Florida communities pull together to prevent internal breakdowns. The large numbers of transients stranded by the undertow of the prosperity wave are straining the resources of public and private agencies, and overtaxing the strength of the small body of skilled welfare workers within the state. I have talked intimately with Florida social workers who tell me their organizations are enormously overburdened.

They urge more federations and more trained workers as a present solution. The federation seems the best form of organization for controlling duplication of effort and money in smaller communities, and such control in a situation like the present one in Florida is all important. The number of completely organized county federations in Florida is now about twelve. Social workers hope to see these federations increase yearly and to be ready for the question of a state welfare department five or ten years from now. While the difficulties of the situation grow by leaps and bounds the spirit of experimentation and cooperation that has been steadily growing in the state is the most hopeful indication of all-around progress.

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From a painting by N. Cortiglia *Coal breaker*

Wilkes-Barre: An Anthracite Town

By ANNE H. ROLLER

Here a former Wilkes-Barre social worker sketches, with insight and sure strokes, the setting of one of the chief centers of the anthracite conflict: A New England town with a Pennsylvania hinterland peopled by a foreign labor force which works the mines and lives in the villages. An industrial community in which there is scant mingling and little understanding. But here and there, some outcroppings of that vein of goodwill which we may hope underlies humanity everywhere.

THE midnight train from Philadelphia was due in Wilkes-Barre in half an hour. At Mountain Top the conductor roused the sleepy passengers, and they crowded close to the windows on the right side of the car. A moment before all had been dark outside. Suddenly, as the train rounded a sharp curve and began its laborious steep descent, the myriad lights of the valley lay spread out before enchanted eyes. Stars of light against dense blackness, they seemed a section of the midnight sky inverted.

As the train reached level ground, these tiny stars resolved themselves into street-lamps and windows. "I've made this run for twenty years," said the conductor, "and I've never failed to stop to look at that sight. It's the prettiest thing I know."

If you would get the best panorama of Wyoming Valley by daylight you must climb a burning mountain. Many years ago a fire started in a rich vein of coal, and in spite of the efforts of the engineers, it has been burning ever since. From time to time, deep fissures occur, from which ascend a thick, yellowish smoke. Here and there the ground has sunk, forming depressions after the manner of the mine cave-ins. In one of these depressions, close by the road which winds upward to the summit, there are cavernous black gaps which exude heavy poisonous fumes. A large sign-board not far away advises, "proceed at your own risk."

You proceed and come at length to the bleak pile of boulders which crowns the summit of the mountain. You clamber atop one of the huge rocks, and there below is the valley, famous in the history of the American Revolution as the scene of the Wyoming Massacre and equally famous in the history of industry as the spot where anthracite coal was discovered and first used.

GLEAMING in the sun, the Susquehanna River, which here is swift and wide, winds tortuously between two wooded mountain ranges rising a thousand feet above its waters. From Pittston, where the river breaks through the mountains at the point where the Lackawanna joins it, to Nanticoke, where it turns abruptly to the north, is a distance of eighteen miles. This compact basin is in

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reality one community, made up of many little mining villages, clustered about the city of Wilkes-Barre, which you can easily pick out by finding the Miners' Bank, a tall building of white stone close to the Market Street bridge. The valley, which varies in width from three to six miles, can scarcely hold the population of three hundred thousand persons, and some of the villages climb half-way up the mountain side. The valley and hillside communities vary considerably in size and are in such close proximity that their borders merge. Usually the nucleus of each compact cluster of houses is a huge black coal breaker. Sometimes there are several breakers quite close together. Scattered at irregular intervals, now close to the water, now part way up the mountain, in architecture unlike any other structure devised by man, each with a distinct individuality as to line, yet resembling every other in its irregularity and its unrelieved blackness, the coal breakers stamp the pictures with the heraldry of anthracite.

For the earth underneath the homes of this beautiful valley is honeycombed through and through. Chambers about twenty feet in width, cut out with drill and dynamite, alternate with pillars. The veins, due to ancient upheavals, nearly all lie in the earth slantwise, and in places where they outcrop, tunnels are driven in directly from the outside. Elsewhere it is necessary to drive shafts down through sandstone or shale. The breakers are used, as their name indicates, for breaking the coal into sizes convenient for the retail trade. The coal is hauled in cars from the mine mouth to the top of the building; then passes down over a series of graduated screens and rollers.

Were it not for the breakers which dot the landscape, there would be nothing to remind you that the homes of the valley before you are built, as it were, on the roof of a great structure full of black empty rooms. Mine-caves still occur, but they are less numerous than some years ago due to stricter laws in regard to pillars. The mountains are still quite heavily wooded except where the houses have crept close in against their sides or where a breaker has cleared a space for the piles of culm thrown out from the mines. In the fall the red, orange and yellow of the leaves blend to form a gorgeous reddish purple when seen from across the valley. There is considerable snow in the winter and then mountains and breakers form an interesting study in black and white.

As you descend from the heights, you pass through Georgetown on your way into Wilkes-Barre. The people are mostly miners, and Georgetown is a typical miners' district. Dingy unpaved streets made up of long monotonous rows of company houses branch off the main streets which run east and west. A comparatively small percentage of the miners in the valley live in company houses, however. You may see many more two and four-family dwellings mostly built with high basements which are damp and dark and are shunned except by the very poor, often the widows of men who have been killed in mine accidents. The number of widows in the valley explains to a large extent the extraordinary relief budget of the Central Poor Board and the hopelessly long waiting list of the Mothers' Pension Fund. Compensation for accident and injury is generous as industrial compensation goes, but it is never sufficient to support a large family and must be supplemented in some way. Miners' asthma and tuberculosis claim a goodly number, and there is no compensation for the widows of their victims.

IN contrast to such a community as Georgetown, you will see very little of the mines and the miners, once you reach Wilkes-Barre. There are a number of coal breakers along the river to the north, and several more among the railroad tracks in a dingy neighborhood. But a miner wearing his strangely shaped cap with lamp attached, his face and clothing covered with coal dust, is so rare a sight on the downtown streets that you are startled if you meet one. To be sure, many of them will be mingling with the vast crowd that is poured into the Public Square on Saturday night by the street cars running in from the surrounding country, but you will never be able to pick them out, with their washed-up faces and best store clothes. Main Street and Market Street, which cut diagonally across the Square, are the main business arteries of the city. There is a flourishing retail trade, and a stranger is struck by the number of banks and the handsome buildings occupied by them. To the everlasting credit of Wilkes-Barre be it said that beauty as well as business flourishes here! The Public Square and the River Common, the former comprising four acres and the latter thirty-five, which were laid out in 1770, are carefully kept up and much used. Both sides of the Susquehanna are to be forever preserved from industrial encroachment, for on the west side an extensive park (gift of F. M. Kirby of the Five-and-Ten) was dedicated in 1924.

Again, the census figures* which showed in 1920 that out of a population of 73,833, no less than 44,567 were of foreign stock and 14,580 foreign-born, might lead you to look for a distinctly foreign atmosphere in Wilkes-Barre. Nothing could possibly be farther from the truth. Wilkes-Barre is and always has been strictly Yankee. One of the oldest communities in the United States, it was settled many years before the Revolution by a hardy band of New Englanders, and the Wyoming Valley was, until the beginning of the nineteenth century, a part of the state of Connecticut. The descendants of the original settlers live today in the pretentious homes on River and Franklin Streets, and across the river in Kingston, Dorranceton and Forty Fort. Later comers of Anglo-Saxon, Celtic and Teutonic stock have been partially assimilated by the town. Still later comers of Slav and Italian stock—first imported, it is said, by the coal operators during the labor troubles in the mines about 1880—are still foreigners so far as the non-industrial phases of community life are concerned.

IN truth the long sequence of strikes in the anthracite coal field will be better understood if seen against the history of settlement in Wyoming Valley.

First of all, there were the Indians. The valley as well as most of the present state of Pennsylvania was in possession of the Six Nations. The Moravian missionaries who, under Count Zinzendorf, came to preach to the Indians in 1742, found several tribes here, Shawanese, Delawares, Wanamese,

* In the native white of foreign parents group, 7,912 residents of Wilkes-Barre came from Russia, 6,017 from Ireland, 4,794 from Wales, 3,823 from England, 3,079 from Germany, 1,998 from Italy, Austria, Hungary and other Central European countries furnished less than 1,000. In striking contrast, the recent immigration, represented by the foreign-born group, brought in more persons from the countries inhabited chiefly by the Slavic races than from all others combined.

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Mohicans and Nanticokes, each with its own village or villages.

The first white settlers to take up claims were sent out by the Connecticut-Susquehanna Company in 1762. They built log houses at the mouth of Mill Creek. The following year they were attacked by Indians, and the survivors returned to Connecticut. Shortly after, the Penn government, which also claimed the land, made surveys and sent out settlers. More people came from Connecticut, and both groups claimed the territory by right of royal grant.

The Pennamite-Yankee Wars that followed form a singular chapter in American history. Forty settlers from Connecticut built a fort in 1771 which gave its name to the present borough of Forty Fort. The Yankees were repeatedly attacked, and this and other forts and blockhouses were sometimes in the possession of one side, sometimes of the other. Finally a small force of Yankees, under Colonel Zebulon Butler won a victory over seven hundred of their competitors who came up the river in boats. Meanwhile, the territory under dispute became the town of Westmoreland, part of Litchfield County, Connecticut, and sent representatives to the General Assembly at Hartford.

When the Revolution broke out, local troubles were forgotten. In a meeting held on August 1, 1775, the populace drew up the following resolution: "We will unanimously join our brethren in America in the common cause of defending our liberty."

The battle of Wyoming in which Tories and Indians joined against the revolutionists was fought on the banks of the Susquehanna. There is standing today on the river bank at Forty Fort a monument to the victims of the Wyoming massacre. When, on the night of July 4, 1778, Queen Esther, a Seneca Indian squaw, barbarously tomahawked the captives taken by the Indians, only a few escaped, and these, with the women and children from the blockhouse, made their way over the Pocono Mountains back to New England. But such was the hardy spirit of these pioneers, that many of them, together with other people from Connecticut, returned to the Valley. After the war, Congress appointed a commission which decided that the land should belong to Pennsylvania; the people were of stubborner clay, and thus it happens that today a New England town lies in the northeastern corner of the state named for William Penn.

THEREAFTER, Wilkes-Barre remained a comfortable village whose inhabitants were little concerned with the outside world until 1808 when one of its citizens, Jesse Fell, blacksmith and innkeeper, made a discovery. This was recorded by him on the fly-leaf of a book:

> Made the experiment of burning the common stone coal of this valley, in a grate in a common fireplace in my house, and find it will answer the purpose of fuel, making a cleaner and better fire at a less expense than burning wood in the common way.

That year saw the beginnings of the anthracite coal industry with the opening of a mine at Plymouth by Abijah Smith. Other mines were soon opened and coal began to be shipped in arks down the Susquehanna. The first railroad out of the Wyoming Valley was built in 1843 and made connections with the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company at White Haven. The Lehigh was the first of the seven coal railroads which by the latter part of the last century had come to control nearly all of the anthracite lands.

It was about 1840 that miners began to immigrate to the Pennsylvania fields from Wales, England and Ireland, with a few from Scotland and Germany. But it was not until forty years later that the Poles, the first of the Slav races to arrive, began coming in large numbers. The Slovaks were next. These two racial groups, together with Croatians, Slovenians and Ruthenians, are found in greater numbers in the Pennsylvania mines than in New York city. During the 'sixties, the Slavs and Italians formed approximately 1 per cent of the population, in the 'seventies, 6 per cent, the 'eighties 18 per cent, the 'nineties, 68 per cent.

Practically all of the labor necessary in getting the coal out of the ground and preparing it for market is performed by immigrants and their descendants of the first generation. There are still many Irish and Welsh in the mines though they are in the minority. The work is so strenuous, so dirty and disagreeable that succeeding generations engage in it in lessening numbers.

In the entire anthracite coal field, there were in 1920 according to the United States Census, 147,372 wage earners working in 374 mines and 245 breakers. Only about 40 per cent of mine labor is mining in the strict sense, timbermen, trackmen, drivers, laborers and men employed in breakers and washeries making up the other 60 per cent. In the Wyoming field there were 237 mines and 135 breakers in operation, representing $233,080,051 in capital and $118,765,340 annual wages.

The history of labor organization, legislation and conflict lies outside the scope of this article. Rather, an attempt has been made to give some idea of the physical and social background of the industrial conflict between the two groups represented by that capital and those wages, which has been waged since the beginning of anthracite mining.

IN Wilkes-Barre itself, miners and town folk are as completely separated spiritually as geographically. True, much has been done by the miners themselves, by the townsfolk, by the coal companies, to broaden the lives of the people who mine and prepare for market the black diamonds that bring wealth to the town. The schools of the valley offer abundant opportunities to them and their children for mental growth. Yet, like the pillars that separate the chambers below ground, there are dividing walls in the valley as in the days when the Six Nations had their villages here.

There is a compact, close-knit neighborhood life in the little towns and villages and in the foreign districts of Wilkes-Barre, a give and take of both friendly gossip and quarrelling, elaborate celebration of weddings, christenings and funerals, family and group festivities of many kinds.

The miners have a variety of activities—rich in content of ancient custom and tradition, colorful, exotic. There are many fraternal societies, choral societies and recreation clubs made up of their own people. The union locals of the United Mine Workers are another important factor in group activity. Above all, as centers of religious worship, of important ceremonials, of much social activity, the churches in miners' neighborhoods serve as powerful unify-

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ing forces within the groups themselves. A numerous clergy, for the most part, know the social as well as the spiritual problems of their flocks. Serving, as they do, Irish, Italians, Poles, the Roman Catholic churches are most numerous. There are also Greek Catholic and Greek Orthodox churches with a large constituency, and several Protestant congregations. In some of the Welsh Protestant churches the ancient mother tongue is still used in the pulpit and congregational singing. Nonetheless, not only are these churches far removed in location and interests from the beautiful edifices dedicated to the worship of God on Franklin Street, but for the most part they are separated also from each other by racial lines. The cleavage is not absolute, but it is significant.

On the side of the wall away from the mining communities stand the institutions that make up the backbone of local society, business, civic activity, cultural life. The churches in the heart of the city and the beautiful club houses along Franklin Street and in the country have a membership list made up largely of the names inscribed upon the Wyoming monument at Forty Fort. A mark of local aristocracy is that one of your ancestors was scalped by the Indians. The Chamber of Commerce has much the same membership, but with a considerable addition of young business men coming in from the outside or rising into prominence from one or the other of the older immigration groups, Welsh, English, Irish, German. The board of directors of the local social agencies and institutions are made up almost exclusively of descendants of the early settlers. Flourishing private schools educate the children of this group. Numbering a few hundred families at most, the social aristocracy identified with the owning and controlling side of the mining industry has an isolation as complete as that of the miners.

BETWEEN these two groups, the old American and the new foreign, the townsfolk and the miners, there is no mingling, little understanding. This gulf, common to other industrial communities, is the more striking in the Wyoming Valley because of the geographic isolation of the little communities where the miners live, and because of the proud history of early settlement and the clinging to Yankee traditions by the descendants of the pioneers.

To the miners, when they think at all of those outside their own clan, the others are the rich people, or if they are sufficiently sophisticated, the capitalists. Almost untouched by American mores, they live apart, with their own social organization, sending their children to parochial schools or to public schools within their township or borough, mingling with the men of their own colliery and their own local. Even the mine "bosses" are of their own numbers and they have little to do with officials higher up.

To the townsfolk, especially to the families who go back for generations in the valley, the miners are foreigners, Polaks, Wops, "the men in the mines." They are appalled that the foreigners now so far outnumber the native stock. They realize that the hazardous work of mining must be done, but they resent the demands of the men who do it for higher wages and better living conditions.

In its extreme, this feeling takes the form that the foreign miners are a lower order of beings; they may be blamed for "living like pigs" and at the same time censured for harboring ambitions to rise to a higher social level. During every strike much is made of the fact that some miners own automobiles and houses; the implication being that they are a presumptuous and unreasonable lot.

One of the local children's agencies a year or two ago made up Christmas packages for its wards. All of the girls within a certain age group were given soft warm wooly scarfs. There were grey scarfs with black stripes and there were gay ones of red, blue and green. Apparently unconscious of the incongruity of their choice, the committee sent the dull-colored ones to the foreign girls! The agencies which supply gifts to the needy at Christmas find it difficult to distribute the generous donations that pour in, because of the string so often tied to the gift—"For a nice American family."

Heartening, by way of contrast, is the swift sympathy that often leaps from one side to the other of this spiritual gulf, when an opportunity presents itself for human contact. In a desperate effort to prevent the separation of a mother from her children solely because of her poverty, a social worker brought the woman into the case conference that was to decide her fate. Neatly attired and spotlessly clean with her young baby on her arm, she diffidently entered the room. There was a hush. The men who had been warmly arguing against coddling persons who were applicants for relief looked sheepish. The women began to play with the baby. Unable to speak a word of English in her own defense, the foreign mother won her case solely because of the common bond of parental devotion.

Gradually the boards of directors of civic and social enterprises are broadening their membership so as to be more truly representative of the whole community, though the time has not yet come when mine workers are invited to sit in conference with the old families in solving problems that affect their common welfare. Politics is less discriminatory—the foreign groups are quite active at the polls and their leaders fill some of the minor offices.

An outstanding citizen who has been able to influence both sides in the bitter industrial controversies that have periodically racked the valley, is the Reverend J. J. Curran, of St. Mary's. He has been active again this winter. So potent an influence has Father Curran upon the thousands of miners of the valley that, when President Roosevelt intervened during the strike of 1902, he came to Wilkes-Barre to visit the padre and spent long hours in conference with him. The two became warm friends and Roosevelt made several subsequent visits to Wilkes-Barre where he always put up at St. Mary's rectory. A genial Irishman with a liberal mind and broad sympathies, Father Curran has more than once smoothed the way for peacable adjustment of disputes. When he mounts the platform during a heated gathering of mine workers the men break forth into deafening cheers and the tension is eased.

President Cappelini, of District No. 1 of the United Mine Workers, is another interesting local figure. An Italian with the luminous dark eyes of his race and a shock of black hair waving above a well-shaped brow, young and boyish in look, he carries his men along by the combined force of logic and oratory. It is significant that the leadership of the mine workers in this region has passed into the control of a member of the newer immigration.

Representing the stable, conservative American population, George R. McLean, president of the Welfare Federation, is courageously leading the community into a larger

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interpretation of charity and social betterment. Belonging to the owning and controlling group in the anthracite coal mining, a leading citizen and a thorough gentleman, Mr. McLean is a fitting representative of the older citizenry of Wilkes-Barre. The mutual understanding which must, in time at least, make the industrial cleavage less sharp than it is today is as likely to come from the social service group as from any other.

All of the chief social agencies in Wilkes-Barre extend their activities over the central part of the valley, excluding Nanticoke and Pittston, each of which has agencies of its own, though they are, like those of Wilkes-Barre, inadequate to their needs. The public health service is exceptionally fine. State Clinic No. 1 offers a variety of service, from nutrition classes to psychiatry. The two largest hospitals, City and Mercy, also have broad clinical service, and the Visiting Nurse Association is very active, maintaining baby and prenatal clinics in addition to doing bedside nursing. The Red Cross, added to its other activities, conducts classes in home nursing. The rapid growth of local chapters of Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls and similar organizations in Wyoming Valley is tending to form a common bond for youth. The Playground and Recreation Association, young and vigorous, is active both in summer and winter. These forces for acquaintanceship are less effective than they should be, however, because of the fact that the groups reached are largely separated geographically and that, like the schools, each draws from a small community. Georgetown has the only settlement house of any size in the valley, though there are two or three other small ones in other localities. Centers of wholesome community life are urgently needed.

Here and there a group is taking serious cognizance of social problems and is courageously attacking evils at their roots. The United Charities, covering under one organization family case work, child care and placing, and humane work for animals, has been recently reorganized, but considering the territory covered and the tremendous need for constructive case work, it is still hopelessly understaffed. Its social problems committee a year ago not only talked about housing but went out to inspect undesirable dwellings and prosecuted at least one landlord for negligence toward tenants. Such a committee, pushing on to questions like standard of living, industrial relations and other problems of an economic nature would be a force in removing local causes for class hatred and industrial strife.

During the mine suspension of the summer and fall of 1922 (locally, there is careful distinction between strikes and suspensions) there was worked out by the newly organized Welfare Federation in Wilkes-Barre, a remarkable plan for the relief of miners' families. A joint committee composed of representatives from the Chamber of Commerce and the United Mine Workers sat in conference and passed upon the cases of needy miners' families, basing their decisions for or against relief upon the social histories presented to them by the Welfare Federation. Social workers from all the agencies in town, public and private, federated and unfederated, worked outside their regular hours at making the calls and writing up the histories. The committee labored together in remarkable accord for many months. When work was finally resumed in the mines, they wrote their last food orders to cover the period until the miners received their first pay. Of course, it would be too much to expect that pure altruism was behind this unusual accomplishment. The Chamber of Commerce wanted to forestall an appeal to the public for a strike fund, the social workers had difficulties with their boards over relief to strikers, and the miners themselves were too hard-pressed for food for their families to worry whence the money came. But it is true, nevertheless, that the plan worked and that there was in the community surprisingly little of the bitterness which usually makes itself manifest during a strike.

A case story from one of the Wilkes-Barre social agencies illustrates in a simpler way what miracles can result from bringing the two sides together. One of the board members declared that he would resign if the agency furnished any relief whatsoever to the family of any striker. So far as he was concerned, he said, they could all starve. Shortly thereafter, a woman came to his office with a request for railroad fare to a distant point. The board member sent the woman to the agency. After investigation, the worker assigned to the case, reported to him that the woman wanted to go to a dying daughter and that the reason she lacked the necessary funds was that her husband was on strike. The board member paid for her railroad ticket out of his own pocket.

In recent years, there have been some promising beginnings in interpreting one group to the other, not consciously intended perhaps, as mass introductions but tending none the less to bring about inter-group understanding. A choral society of Welshmen has given public concerts of excellence. Though the older generation speaks a tongue as foreign to English as Russian or Italian, the Welsh miners occupy a midway position in the community into which they blend with ease. Concerts in a large public hall used for the best entertainments have been given, also, by the choir of one of the Russian churches, the singers wearing native costume. This same group has given plays in Russian sponsored by the Drama League. If more evidence of this nature could be brought to bear on the point that not all of the culture is on one side of the wall, it would help greatly to establish a new status for the miners and their families.

Community Christmas celebrations in which the crowd joined in singing the old carols, led by choirs from some of the churches, have been held in the Public Square of Wilkes-Barre. Is it only the dream of one social worker that some day a community celebration will be held there in which all the racial groups in the valley will participate? Dressed in their native garb, singing their ancient ballads, dramatizing their proudly treasured national histories, dancing the intricate, graceful measures they learned in the Old Country, these newcomers, who now live beyond the wall, would be taken into real membership in the life of the community.

All in all, Wilkes-Barre, with its rich traditions and its beautiful settings, its valuable coal land and its varied population, is one of the most fascinating communities in the United States. Because the people gathered together in this compact valley for the purpose of mining coal represent all the nations and races of the earth, it has an unrivalled opportunity for experiments in neighborliness. And, after all, when the American public begins to think in terms of people no less than of Capital or Labor, we shall think clearer and straighter about Capital and Labor.

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Segovia

The People of the Basque Country

Paintings by RAMON AND VALENTIN DE ZUBIAURRE

Courtesy of Dudensing Galleries

"TO give a living picture of the customs of the Basque race, proud, naive, simple, energetic and honest—to depict the everyday life of the Basque people, so local, so exclusive, so restricted from outside influences . . ." this is the self-appointed task of Ramon and Valentin de Zubiaurre, two contemporary Spanish painters, born in the province of Biscay. To Ramon this life is romance; to Valentin it is tinctured with harsher reality. Both brothers paint with luminous color, enriching their canvases with landscape and still life detail that does double duty as interpretation for the character studies and as pure decoration. Strongly representative as these pictures are, they are closer to the school of modern interpretative painting than any of their predecessors in Spain. The color has a musical quality. The design strikes a chord of feeling that is hard to explain.

In these black and white reproductions the element of strong design becomes evident—in the canvases both pattern and fine draughtsmanship are somewhat overpowered by the appeal of rich color.

It is neither here nor there so far as the achievement of these artists is concerned—but they are the sons of a fine musician, director of the Royal Chapel and Conservatory of Madrid. Both were born deaf. Their eyes have served them well, for their paintings give no hint that their ears have not heard the songs that fill the air of their native country nor their feet beat time in the folk dances.

The old ballad singer of Toledo breathes the spirit of Old Spain, gallantly alive to the end. The Card Game and The Picnic further interpret the vitality and the humor of a people that still stands aloof from the industrial age of today, secure in native dignity and ancient customs.

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THE OLD BALLAD SINGER OF TOLEDO

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THE CARD GAME

THE PICNIC

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A Park, a Man, and the Rest of Us

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

BOOTS and saddles! Boots and saddles! Boots and saddles! The insistence of the bugle penetrated even into the consciousness of the civilian. Something *was* happening. Soldiers came running from all directions across the little parade-ground, soon to reappear from the stables with their saddled mounts. They fell into line, fifty of them, counted off, broke into column of fours and trotted off up the little rise, past the noble terrace of hot springs, for a long night ride to Norris Geyser Basin and beyond, to fight a forest fire for hours the next day. Their officer was a young West Pointer; another, black-haired, with a German name, watched them leave. Thirty years later, less six months, I saw where the latter, then a major-general commanding a division, had sat in a captured German bomb-proof in the Argonne as a shell entered and killed men to the right and left of him. The eyewitness who was my guide assured me that the major-general was as calm then as he had been when I first saw him and the cavalry at Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone Park, that lovely July evening in 1889.

That scene was my introduction to the first national park established in the world, the greatest of our wonder-parks. With my brother and a friend I rode through it with a pack outfit in 1889 to spend some weeks in Jackson's Hole in search of health; in 1905 I revisited it touring by horse stage. Last summer I went through with my family by motor car. On my second visit also the military was in charge. Having displaced in 1886 an unsatisfactory civilian administration, they retained control until their final withdrawal, October 31, 1918. The military experiment was in several respects unsuccessful. Most of the dozen officers who had charge of the park, notably the commander in 1889, Captain Frazier A. Boutelle, First Cavalry, a fine, able, seasoned veteran of the Civil War and the Indian campaigns, were painstaking and well intentioned. But they were trained soldiers and not foresters, or forest rangers, or skilled conservators of animal life, or easy hosts to a swarm of tourists. This duty was all aside from their regular careers and they were frequently ordered elsewhere just when they became really familiar with their tasks. Again, army business methods are lavish, their red-tape costly.

The regular army of that day was largely recruited from the unemployed or the drifters in our large cities. The men were often rough and coarse, and far below the standard of today, frequently just the type to flock to the gambling hells and dives of the frontier towns; but even there they were never popular with the public. They liked the park service in summer, but in winter the utter loneliness of the outlying stations where two or three men usually worked together, exchanging horses for snowshoes as the snow came on, led to many "accidental" burnings of the cabins or shacks, to the extent of $10,000 worth of property in one season. When these little stations burned—why the men had to return to headquarters. It is no joke to put city or farm boys by themselves into mountain forests with the temperature ranging to forty degrees below zero and to expect them to care for themselves like lifelong dwellers in the open spaces. There were brave men among them, too, for shortly before my first visit one of the guards "full accoutred as he was" jumped into a boiling pool to rescue a women who accidentally tumbled in. Tradition has it that her frantic husband generously bestowed twenty-five dollars upon the soldier who saved his wife's life. The soldier spent months in hospital only to be discharged for disability. A boy of four years who fell into one of these pools died the next day.

Plainly the Yellowstone Park administration was one for civilians who were not moved every three or four years as were the troops—thus furnishing a new batch of soldiers to be broken in. But there were doubting Thomases at the time of the change who talked of army discipline and of the graft among civilian employes of the government; of the low grade men to be had for the small salaries the government pays. Well, every doleful forecast has come to naught. The Yellowstone Park management today is one of which the whole country can be proud. It affords fresh proof of the fact that the right type of men can be lured into public service and that that service can be made efficient, economical, able, courteous, and faithful to the public interest.

I have still another reason besides my visits to the Park for being familiar with what has occurred there. I happen to be a son of the completor of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the builder of the branch line from Livingston to Gardiner which first opened up the Park to tourist traffic. Having been familiar from boyhood with the development of the park it serves, I am happy to give my testimony to the transformation of the very atmosphere of the Park as well as the management by the present civilian control. For I am profoundly tired of hearing it said that government enterprises can never be as honest or as up-to-date or as efficient as privately managed ones. We hear a lot about the failure of the prohibition-enforcement service and precious little about the Panama Canal, the successful line of government barges on the Mississippi, or the National Park Service, or other successful government enterprises.

BUT back to our mutton, which in this case is not mutton but a park—containing mountain sheep, it is true, but also deer, antelope, elk—14,500 of them—buffalo, bear, moose, coyotes and mountain lions. And that brings us to the man in the picture—Horace M. Albright, superintendent of the park since 1918, a Californian, a lawyer by training, whom Stephen T. Mather, the director of the National Park Service, lured first to Washington as assistant director at the organization of the service—not completed until 1917—and then transferred to the Yellowstone as superintendent and also as field assistant to the director. What

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Mr. Albright has done cannot be measured by official figures, but they are potent enough. For the last ten years of military control the average travel was approximately 26,000 a year. In 1919 it jumped to 62,261, and in 1920 to 79,777. By 1923 it had reached 138,352 and this past summer the visitors numbered no less than 154,282. Now it is true that this great increase has coincided with the enormous development of automobile touring—of the 154,282 at least 115,000 came by cars. But there can be no question that the service given in the park, through the hotels, the permanent automobile camps (with meals, cabins with beds, and bathing and toilet facilities furnished at low prices) and the prepared public camps (where the tourists sleep in their own tents and cook their own meals) is largely responsible for this growth of public patronage.

Naturally the revenues have increased as well—there is a fee of $7.50 charged to each automobile and there are other sources of revenue from permits, franchises, etc. In 1919 the income was $42,775.50, by 1922 it had grown to $165,014.53; by 1923 to $203,104.02. In the season of 1925 the figures jumped to $326,123.00. In 1919 there was expended on the park $332,000; in 1923 the cost was only $361,000, or a net cost of only $158,347.36. For 1925 the appropriation was $396,903, and the income $326,123 leaving a net of only $70,780, a remarkable record, indeed. This year the net loss will be $50,000. Since the civilians took hold, costs have fallen about $150,000. The park costs $100,000 less than in 1916, with six times as many visitors.

A TOURIST must be blind and deaf not to realize that the whole spirit of the park management is to place everything at his service that he may not only behold but learn. If he goes to the hotel at Mammoth Hot Springs he will find a ranger lecturing in the evening on the natural wonders. In the morning he will find others to take him over the "formations," to give the simplest geological facts and to answer the innumerable questions shot at them. He will find nearby a part of the "tame" herd of buffaloes, and a group of elk fenced in for him to see; a museum of curios still in its infancy; a historic coach in front of the museum which was once captured by Indians; a fine chapel to attend on Sunday if he pleases; an information bureau which must have handled thirty-five thousand people last summer. Special attention is given to serious students and to scientists. Best of all the rules and regulations are hardly in evidence. Tourists, especially those who come in cars, are warned of the penalties for setting fires, reckless driving, and other violations of the traffic rules, bootlegging, etc. But there is no officious supervision; no parade of authority; if there are infractions the rangers are taught not to bluster and to threaten, but to argue quietly and explain the reasons for the regulation. In 1925 only thirty-four cases came before the United States Commissioner for trial, chiefly for speeding. That speaks volumes for the administration of justice by commonsense—and that commonsense, that quiet reasonableness, that desire to please and to serve come directly from Mr. Albright himself.

There are some men who carry on their countenances not only their credentials but their intentions. Mr. Albright is one of these. He has, of course, had to face misrepresentation and calumny—what just man does not? But his serenity of spirit continues; he gives everything to the park and that, and not the fortunes of Horace Albright, is at stake. Moreover, he is quick to tell you that it is not he but his chief, Stephen T. Mather, who is responsible for the spirit of the park service and that perfect conception of what a people's playground ought to be. Sometimes I am asked if Yellowstone Park would fare as well with some other head; I believe the spirit will survive—would survive even the retirement of Mr. Mather provided the parks be not turned over to the landgrabbers or political spoilsmen, some of whom, like Senator Cameron of Arizona, are planning a series of attacks on the service at this very writing. For the moment let us be proud that there are two men in the right place and that Mr. Albright rules so well a principality sixty-two miles in length and fifty-four miles broad, containing 3,348 square miles, or 2,142,720 acres, all at an altitude of from 6,000 to 11,000 feet, and closed by snow to visitors from October to June.

What is the superintendent's policy? Briefly to preserve the wilderness of the Park and to make it a true game sanctuary. He has done so well with the bison as to have about eighty head to give away annually—apply to him if you wish a buffalo in your backyard; and the bears he protects—and he has done as well by the other species. He seeks to make the park as accessible, so far as the grand tour is concerned, as comfortable and as inexpensive as possible for those who come in their own cars. But he is opposed to opening up more of the Park by roads, since the wonders the tourist is eager to see are now completely accessible either by private cars or the transportation company's motor stages. The rest of the park is to be kept for camping parties, scientists, lovers of nature, and the "denizens of the forest," who have a difficult time as it is to keep alive in bad winters—the elk, deer, and buffalo are regularly fed by the rangers during the worst months. As for the public services, they are granted twenty year franchises for exclusive operation, subject to the most rigid control as to prices, service, facilities offered and quality of help. Monopolies? Yes, competition here is impossible; the operators are compelled to make heavy investments for improvements and are faced with a season of only two months in which they can earn money. They must get all their supplies from a long distance and make enough for replacements besides the interest on their large permanent outlays. I can testify to the excellence of their service and the reasonableness of their rates. Accidents are almost unknown; the handling of the huge crowds by the transportation company is amazing and the result of almost marvellous organization. All of this is under the closest personal observation of the master of the park. Mr. Albright and his rangers are giving us most gratifying proof that a great commercial enterprise can be handled from Washington as efficiently as any profit-seeking enterprise and, I believe, with a finer public spirit.

Now it is the habit of satraps, good and bad, to reach out for more territory. As it happens, Mr. Mather and Mr. Albright and a special commission organized by the Secretaries of War, Interior, Commerce, Agriculture, and Labor (who form the President's Committee on Recreation), and headed by Congressman Henry W. Temple of Pennsylvania, are urging a readjustment of the boundaries of the Park—originally laid out as if by a ruler on a map without regard to game protection or to the

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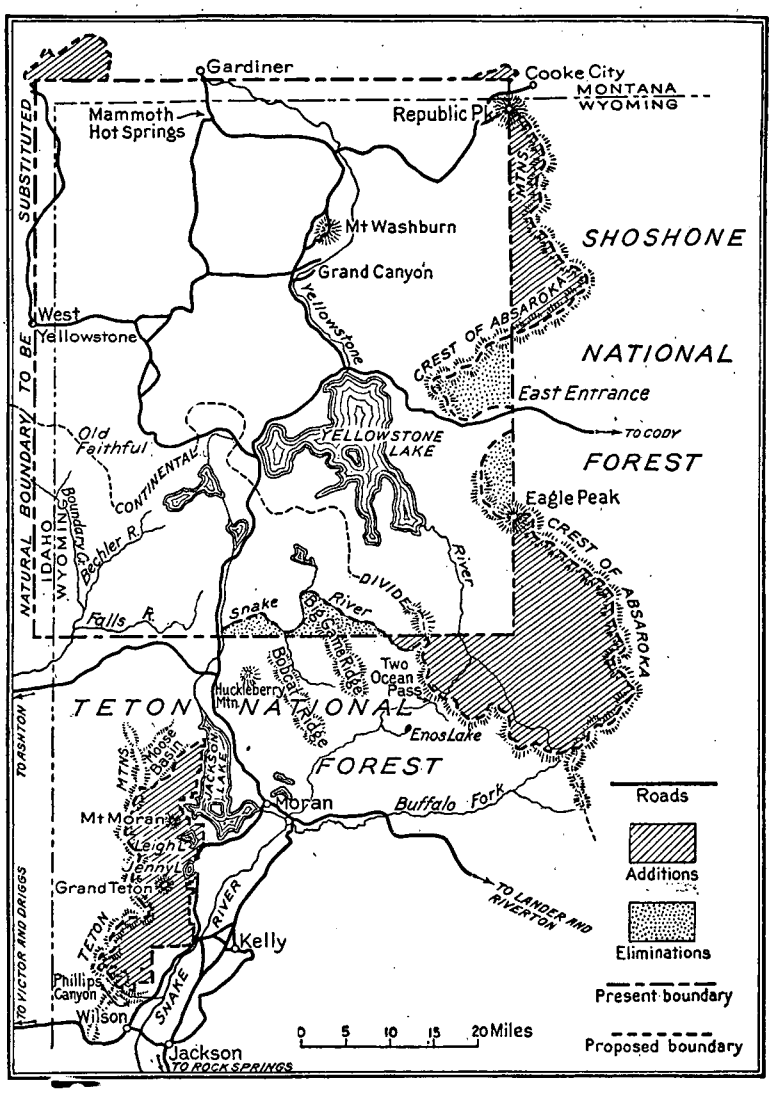
natural conformation of the territory, then (1872) hardly explored—and are urging also the inclusion within the park of the noble Teton Mountains. A glance at the map which accompanies this article will tell the story as well as any words of mine. The proposed changes will add three hundred thousand acres to the Park, mostly high mountainous country; they include the watershed of the Upper Yellowstone and, on the East, the Absaroka Mountains to their crests. The Tetons are to be administered as a separate unit; between it and the old park will be part of the Teton National Forest. Here is a proposal which Congress ought to accept without delay. The Commission last summer found the argument for the change unanswerable. The most enlightened ranchers affected, including the novelist, Struthers Burt—who once opposed the change—are for it, for they see the Teton country, Jackson's Hole, being inundated by tourists. The hot-dog stand, the ice-cream parlor, the tent store are all beginning to devastate one of the noblest portions of America.



The Tetons! To me the most satisfying mountains I have ever laid eyes on at home or abroad. The best part of two summers I have spent at their feet and I wonder why I have not been there twenty times. The exquisite lakes at their bases, their glorious snow-covered crests, the Grand Teton himself rising 14,761 feet above the level of the sea, the loveliness of the climate, the health-restoring air—well, I could rhapsodize for pages of The Survey about this wonder spot. Not a single reason for opposing their inclusion in the Park can I see, assuming that there will be due regard for established settlers, and there is every reason, it appears to me, for the adoption of the proposal. Few are in so good a position as I to judge how the country has changed and how it is menaced by the inevitable accompaniments of an unregulated tourist traffic. For I met only two men last summer who were in Jackson's Hole when I was there in 1889; I am thus surely eligible for the position of fifth vice-president of the Old Settlers' Association!

In 1889 we saw no one for days at a time and ran across only two ranches, once near Jackson's Lake, now ruined by a damnable irrigation dam—damnable because it appears that it was not altogether necessary and because part of the present lake is full of gaunt dead trees which nobody bothered to cut before they were flooded. It is unfortunately true that there will be much local opposition in Jackson's Hole from those who fear to lose special privileges.

As a matter of fact there are few cattle in the Hole—(a 6,000 feet plateau bisected by the Snake river, about sixty-five miles long by twelve to fifteen miles wide and enclosed by mountains, the Tetons to the West) and nothing pays there except stores and the "dude ranches" with their boarders from the East. The largest town is Jackson, with only five hundred people, whose access to the world during the long winters is by car or sleigh over an 8,000 feet pass. Yet Jackson is sure that under park control its brilliant prospects will be blighted.

The Idaho sheep men and others who seek to get low grazing rates or other privileges from the government will join the outcry on general principles; the federal government is getting too much land for itself! These dissatisfied are, of course, quite ready to forget that the readjustment of the park boundaries will open the Snake River to logging operations, will hardly affect the present grazing area in the national forest, and will open to hunting a very large area directly south of the park. Where is the injury? A few settlers and "dude ranches" will undoubtedly be gradually bought out, but their loss, if any, will be the gain of multitudes and the Tetons will be preserved for all time both from needless roads, such as the Forest Service is now building on the West side of Jackson's Hole, and the people's "resort" now growing up at Jenny Lake.

This does not mean that the policy of Mr. Mather and Mr. Albright looks to the reservation of these areas for the wealthy traveller who can afford the necessarily high rates of the "dude ranches," or of the pack outfits. What they have done for the tourist of small means in the two kinds of automobile camps in the Park speaks for itself. But they are rightly concerned in keeping this remaining bit of wilderness a real wilderness, except for well-kept trails, and in saving it as a laboratory for scientists, lovers of nature, students of flora and of wild life, and those who can penetrate the fastnesses as they must be penetrated—with adequate equipment and competent guides. It is a national duty to preserve something of the Wild West.

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Horizon Lines

A Monthly Survey of Our New International Frontiers

By JAMES G. McDONALD

CAPITALIZING promptly the unexpectedly brilliant success of Locarno the League of Nations now prepares for disarmament. After years of apparently futile fussing with straps and buckles it is for the first time enabled to call upon the world to prepare to unburden itself of the crushing habiliments of war. The response will test the reality of the "new spirit" in Europe.

The preparatory commission for the Disarmament Conference meets at Geneva February 15. To it are invited the states on the Council—Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Brazil, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, Uruguay and Spain; to it also are invited six other members of the League—Bulgaria, Finland, Holland, Poland, Roumania, Jugoslavia—chosen so that "the commission should be representative of the different situations of states as regards the disarmament problem"; and to it, also, Germany, the United States and Soviet Russia. The acceptance of all save Russia is assured.

Muffled Sabres

THE list of seven questions submitted by the Council to the preparatory commission deserves careful examination by every student of social history. Their full text—not reported in the daily press—but given on a succeeding page indicates the wide ramifications of the problem and discloses difficulties almost appalling.

The conflict of interests between important groups of states is writ large in these queries which will constitute the program of the preliminary inquiry. The obviously diverse conceptions of the basis on which disarmament should proceed seem at first glance wholly irreconcilable. Great Britain and the United States, pointing to their small armies, will emphasize the necessity of land disarmament. France, pointing to the Anglo-American dominance on the sea, will underline the inconsistency in the British-American criticism of alleged French dominance on the Continent. Even in regard to those phases of naval reduction—cruisers and submarines—which Britain and perhaps the United States favor, France will reply, and with truth, that such reductions would merely make the Anglo-American control of the sea completely unassailable.

Even more fundamental differences will be disclosed by the French contention that economic and industrial resources, actual or potential, and man power should be reckoned equally with armaments and soldiers as parts of national armament. They will point to the larger populations and to the vast industrial strength of the United States, Britain and Germany as more than counterbalancing the larger French army. A reply convincing to the French will not be easy. On many other points scarcely less basic the problem bristles with obstacles. Only an earnest will to succeed will assure any substantial progress.

Germany, her navy abolished and her army reduced to 100,000 men, will urge vigorously the reduction of the forces of her neighbors. She will pointedly remind them that she undertook "strictly to observe the military, naval and air clauses" of the Treaty of Versailles, by which she was disarmed, "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations." The logic of her position is unassailable. It will be a stirring sight—Germany, the one great power urging drastic reductions of all armaments. What an advance over the days when William II stood forth in "shining armor"! Fortunately the Allies, by disarming Germany, unwittingly made their own disarmament both easier and more imperative.

What of Russia? Her statements regarding the League's invitation were equivocal. Reiterating their assertions in favor of peace and disarmament, the Soviet authorities emphasized the technical obstacles to cooperation with the League and to attendance at a conference at Geneva. If Moscow is not represented on the preparatory commission it will be difficult to plan a logical program for the Disarmament Conference. Moreover, any substantial reduction of the forces of Poland, Czechoslovakia or Roumania is closely dependent upon some proportionate reduction of the large Russian army of about 600,000. One conclusion is inevitable: not until Russia becomes once more an integral part of the society of nations can any world-wide cooperative effort be richly fruitful.

The Goblin That Hasn't Got Us

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S decision to be represented on the preparatory commission has been received throughout the country with unqualified approval. Astutely he circumvented the possibility of any effective senatorial opposition. The intimation, from the White House, that Senator Borah had been invited last summer to make a study of conditions abroad, and had refused, and that he had similarly refused an invitation to be a member of the United States delegation to Geneva were hard blows, even if unintentional, at Borah's prestige.

Certainly, the League of Nations bogey no longer frightens even the timid. The wraith of distortion which enfolded it is clearing away. The League is coming to be seen as it is—an embryonic but hopeful effort at world organization. More and more of our people realize that it has neither the sinister power for evil, attributed to it by the Irreconcilables, nor the magic power for good claimed for it by its sentimental friends. Thus the way has been prepared for an increasing degree of American cooperation with the League, without exciting dark and dismal forebodings.

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Seven Questions on Disarmament

The full text as submitted to the Preparatory Commission by the League Council

1. What is to be understood by the expression "armaments"?

(a) Definition of the various factors—military, economic, geographical, etc.—upon which the power of a country in time of war depends.

(b) Definition and special characteristics of the various factors which constitute the armaments of a country in time of peace; the different categories of armaments (military, naval and air), the methods of recruiting, training, organizations capable of immediate military employment, etc.

2. (a) Is it practicable to limit the ultimate war strength of a country, or must any measures of disarmament be confined to the peace strength?

(b) What is to be understood by the expression "reduction and limitation of armaments"?

The various forms which reduction or limitation may take in the case of land, sea and air forces: the relative advantages or disadvantages of each of the different forms or methods: for example, the reduction of the larger peace-time units or of their establishment and their equipment, or any immediately mobilizable forces: the reduction of the length of active service, the reduction of the quantity of military equipment, the reduction of expenditure on national defence, etc.

3. By what standards is it possible to measure the armaments of one country against the armaments of another, e.g, numbers, period of service, equipment, expenditures, etc.?

4. Can there be said to be "offensive" and "defensive" armaments?

Is there any method of ascertaining whether a certain force is organized for purely defensive purposes (no matter what use may be made of it in time of war), or whether, on the contrary, it is established for the purposes in a spirit of aggression?

5. (a) On what principle will it be possible to draw up a scale of armaments permissible to the various countries, taking into account particularly:

Population;
Resources;
Geographical situation;
Length and nature of maritime communications;
Density and character of the railways;
Vulnerability of the frontiers and of the important vital centers near the frontiers;
The time required, varying with different states, to transform peace armaments into war armaments;
The degree of security which, in the event of aggression, a state could receive under the provisions of the covenant or of separate engagements contracted towards that state?

(b) Can the reduction of armaments be promoted by examining possible means for ensuring that the mutual assistance, economic and military, contemplated in Article 16 of the Covenant, shall be brought quickly into operation as soon as an act of aggression has been committed?

6. (a) Is there any device by which civil and military aircraft can be distinguished for purposes of disarmament? If this is not practicable, how can the value of civil aircraft be computed in estimating the air strength of any country?

(b) Is it possible or desirable to apply the conclusions arrived at in (a) above to parts of aircraft and aircraft engines?

(c) Is it possible to attach military value to commercial fleets in estimating the naval armaments of a country?

7. Admitting that disarmament depends on security, to what extent is regional disarmament possible in return for regional security? Or is any scheme of disarmament impracticable unless it is general? If regional disarmament is practicable, would it promote or lead up to general disarmament?

The prompt acceptance by Greece of the fine assessed against her by the Council for her violation of Bulgarian territory was more than a clean-cut victory for the League. It closed an irritating and dangerous dispute. It strengthened the principle that armed invasion is unwarrantable. While in a sense it was the imposition of the will of the Great Powers on a small state, it none the less is a precedent which will tend to diminish the probability that states will light-heartedly resort to military sanctions as redress for alleged grievances.

Though Germany will probably not be admitted to the League before March, when a special session of the Assembly is planned, some German politicians are acting as though the Reich were already a member. Animatedly they are discussing the number of positions in the League's secretariat which will be available for Germans. One can scarcely realize that it was only three years ago that the French were marching into the Ruhr and all Germany was crying out against the League for its failure to protest.

Iraq and the Balance of Power

THE effect of the Council's decision of December 16 to hand over the bulk of the disputed Mosul territory to Iraq is still uncertain. This followed promptly on the receipt of the opinion of the Permanent Court of International Justice that the Council under the terms of the Treaty of Lausanne had the power to draw a definitive boundary line and that its decision must be taken by unanimous vote, not counting the votes of the parties to the dispute. Turkey had contended that the Council's decision would not be binding and that in any case a decision could not be reached without Turkey's assent.

Despite the bitter opposition of an influential portion of the British press, the House of Commons, December 21, voted 239 to 4 to accept the conditions prescribed by the Council. The Labor members withdrew from the House in a body before the vote, not so much as a protest against the decision itself as against what they believed to be the

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Conservatives' high-handed shutting off of debate. Great Britain is now pledged to extend its mandatory relationship with Iraq for a period of twenty-five years, to grant the specified degree of autonomy to the Kurds who form 62 per cent of the population of the Mosul villayet and to complete a commercial-economic agreement with Turkey on behalf of Iraq.

Turkey's attitude is equivocal. Her responses to the British proposals for direct negotiations have been neither friendly nor hostile. There seems little likelihood that Angora will attempt a military invasion of the disputed territory. Britain has too many means of retaliation. Not the least of these is a large and well-equipped air force at Bagdad. British air authorities do not hesitate to say in private conversation that these planes are sufficient to defeat any possible Turkish attacks.

The day after the Council's decision, the representatives of Russia and Turkey signed in Paris a treaty of friendship and mutual benevolent neutrality. As summarized in the press, it provides that neither country shall attack the other; that in the event of one party being involved in war, the other shall remain neutral and that neither shall be a member of any combination against the other. The Russians say it is the answer to Locarno. The Turkish spokesmen give the impression that it will strengthen them in their negotiations with Britain about Mosul.

Official British and French opinion tend to belittle the pact, and compare it to the ineffective Rapallo treaty as "a simple case of 'misery loves company'." None the less, it illustrates one phase of the danger, that unless the Locarno agreements can be broadened to include Russia, Europe may again drift into a balance of power—this time with the dissatisfied portions of Asia sympathizing with or actively supporting the Soviet Republics.

The Dilemma of France

THE arrival in Washington of the new French Ambassador M. Bérenger, instructed to fund the French debt owed to our government, emphasizes anew France's fundamental domestic problem. It is financial and not, as so many of our editorial writers would imply, primarily political. Her politicians, perhaps a little more personal and partisan than ours, are essentially the same as politicians everywhere. They are the voices of economic, class, or other interests. Not politics, but an unbalanced budget has been the cause of the recent ministerial crisis and is the real reason for the instability of Briand's ministry. In 1924 the outgo of the French Government was about 16,000,000,000 francs more than its income. For 1925 the deficit will be approximately the same. These figures set forth by the Institute of Economics are admitted by French authorities to be accurate, though the official figures tell a very different story.

Critics of France are prone to assume that the budget could be easily balanced. They ask questions which press in from one side or another from this base.

Why does not France tax herself adequately? They forget that France during 1924 collected about 20 per cent of her national income in taxes, or about the same proportion as England and much larger than the United States. Clearly then a general increase of taxation would be very difficult and except on the higher incomes would probably not repay the effort.

But does not France lend huge sums to her allies? The total of such loans from 1919 to the end of 1924 was about 4,000,000,000 francs. But even this sum did not represent capital exported from France, but rather the sale of existing war supplies, a large part of which was no longer of value to her.

But would not the sale of such state enterprises as the railways, telephones and telegraphs, eliminate important items of expense? Possibly, but the probable savings, assuming that these properties could be disposed of to private owners, would be small.

But does not France spend a large portion of her budget for military purposes? During 1924 these items totalled less than 8,000,000,000 francs or less than 17 per cent of the national expenditures. Even a reduction of this amount by half would leave a deficit of more than 10,000,000,000 francs.

But would not the large foreign loans, hoped for after the expected refunding of the foreign debt owed the United States, or the loans secured by mortgages on French factories as proposed by the Northern French industrialists solve the problem? The answer is obvious. Such loans might ease the situation for a few months but if unaccompanied by other and drastic readjustments could only increase the government's total obligations without proportionately increasing its income.

The Institute of Economics in a brilliant analysis of this whole problem concludes that the French budget can be balanced only through a sharp increase of taxes on the higher incomes and the general reduction on the interest paid on the internal debt. This latter item alone absorbed 16,500,000,000 francs in 1924. Unfortunately these measures are not likely to be adopted now. No party or combination of parties seems strong enough to carry them through.

Failing agreement on some such far-reaching program, further inflation appears inevitable. It is so much easier. Its effects are not immediately evident. It impoverishes most the millions of the middle classes who are least able to defend themselves. None the less, it would, by diluting the internal debt, make a balanced budget possible. There are not lacking French economists and financiers who believe that this is the only way out. Recently, one of the world's foremost bankers said to the writer: "Only when the horror of inflation becomes greater than the horror of drastic fiscal reform will the French people unite upon an adequate policy." A few days later an eminent and patriotic French scholar, in almost the same words, confirmed this pessimistic diagnosis.

Twelve Months of the Dawes Plan

GERMANY at the end of the first year of the operation of the Dawes plan presents many contrasts with France.

The German budget is balanced, the mark is maintained at par, and the internal bonded indebtedness has been wiped out. The first annual report of S. Parker Gilbert, agent general for reparation payments, is a singularly illuminating picture of the world's first attempt to save a great power from bankruptcy through international control. Mr. Gilbert, though not dogmatic, is optimistic that Germany will continue to be able to meet her obligations under the plan.

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Many German authorities do not share this view. Despite Germany's amazing recovery during the last twelve months, these observers point with anxiety to the large adverse balance in foreign trade, the excessive interest charges (until the early autumn the minimum rate charged by the important Berlin banks on ordinary commercial loans was 14 per cent), the high cost of production and the increasing numbers of unemployed. Germany has, as Mr. Gilbert himself admits, still to face the two-fold problem of replenishing its working capital and of still further reorganizing some of its basic industries.

The Road Leading From Rome

MUSSOLINI'S recent prophecies of empire and his exuberant declarations of manifest destiny are disquieting. His later qualifications and interpretations have not sensibly diminished the uneasiness of his neighbors, particularly France and Jugoslavia. His glorification of might and his fanatical creed of extreme nationalism—illustrated ludicrously by his followers' refusal to permit the Austrian Tyrolese to cut down Christmas trees for their traditional celebration—are strangely out of harmony with other European developments since Locarno. It will occasion no surprise if Italy in the forthcoming disarmament conference plays an obstructive, if not a destructive role.

But it is in domestic affairs that Fascism during the last few months has demonstrated the extraordinary revolutionary character of its program. The recent session of Parliament enacted at Mussolini's command a series of laws which profoundly change the body politic. Italian citzens abroad may now have their citizenship revoked and their properties confiscated for words or actions which, though not constituting crimes, the Government believes likely to cause disorders within the state or to damage Fascist prestige abroad. The Premier is now responsible only to the King and not as before responsible jointly to King and Parliament. Those who act or speak in a derogatory manner of Mussolini may be fined or imprisoned. The Fascist employers' association and the Fascist labor union are the only organizations through which workmen may legally deal with their employers in reference to wages or conditions of work. Arbitration of all disputes between labor and capital is compulsory. Special labor courts have been created to hear these disputes. It is Mussolini's contention that this legislation is meant to initiate an era of class cooperation and to displace that of class struggles. Local government has in large part been abolished through the establishment of a system of "podestas" appointed from Rome for all communes of less than 5,000 population. Moreover, the powers of the prefects also named by the central government have been greatly extended. Thus step by step all power in the state tends to center in Rome.

Balloon Tires and Amity

MR. HOOVER'S strictures on the British rubber monopoly, which have resulted in the investigation authorized by the House of Representatives (begun January 5), should focus public attention on an international problem which reaches far beyond the immediate issue.

Mr. Hoover complains that through the operation of the so-called Stevenson Plan, adopted by the British growers in 1919 on the recommendation of a committee of the Colonial Office, the price of raw rubber has been artificially raised from less than 30 cents per pound to the recent high level of $1.21. The Stevenson scheme in effect limited the normal export to 60 per cent of the standard output, subject to increase every three months provided the price during that period had increased a given precentage. About 70 per cent of the world's output is controlled by British interests. Almost exactly the same percentage of the total world supply is used in the United States. Hence the basis for the charge that the United States is being gouged.

The British answer, which was put in a clear and admirably restrained article in the New York Times, January 3, by Sir Robert Horne, former chancellor of the exchequer, may be summarized as follows:

1. Prior to the adoption of the plan of restriction the growers had suffered such heavy losses that many plantations were in danger of reverting to the jungle. Had this been permitted the present shortage would be even greater and the price proportionately higher.
2. The real reason for the price increase has not been the restriction but rather the unexpected vast increase in the demand in the United States, due to the automobile boom and the introduction of balloon tires.
3. In any case, there is no discrimination against American purchasers because British buyers pay exactly the same prices as others.
4. The proportion of increase in the total cost of an automobile, due to the high price of raw rubber, is very small, and over against it should be set the vast profits which both the automobile and rubber industries in the United States have made during recent years.
5. In effect, although not through a policy of restriction, the United States, by its predominant position in the production of cotton, levies a similar toll on British industries. There has never been any protest either from the British Government or the British industries directly affected, even though the cotton trade in Lancashire has been languishing for years.
6. Criticism comes with bad grace from a country which, through its tariff, prohibitive on many items of British manufacture, maintains a virtual monopoly on the American market for its own producers.

This particular controversy, with good will on both sides, should not be difficult to settle Its greatest importance lies in the opportunity which it offers to drive into the public mind the vast implications of the similar problems of other essential raw materials. No fear is more fruitful of suspicion and ill will than the fear of an industrial state that its essential supplies may be curtailed. It is not an answer to say that in the past, in time of peace, no state has greatly suffered. There is always latent in the minds of statesmen the possibility that in time of war their industries may be paralyzed. And the recent tendency among producing countries to restrict the production or export of universally needed raw materials constantly raises in an acute form questions which formerly became acute only in time of war or because of the possibility of war.

If Great Britain and the United States, two of the richest countries in the world in raw materials, permit conflicts of interests about a single material like rubber to become a possible source of misunderstanding, how much more vital must similar questions seem to states largely dependent for their very industrial life on supplies from abroad? If the world is to remain at peace, political agreements like those of Locarno and reductions of armaments such as the League is now striving to effect, must be supplemented by effective international agreements about the raw materials.

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My Apprenticeship

II. Herbert Spencer: and My Search for a Creed

By BEATRICE WEBB

LOOKING back from the standpoint of today it seems to me that two outstanding tenets, some would say, two idols of the mind, were united in the mid-Victorian trend of thought and feeling. There was the current belief in the scientific method, in that intellectual synthesis of observation and experiment, hypothesis and verification by means of which alone all mundane problems were to be solved. And added to this belief in science was the consciousness of a new motive; the transference of the emotion of self-sacrificing service from God to man.

I.

THE London season of fifty years ago came and went, and with it disappeared my feeble hold on orthodox Christianity. The restless and futile activities of society life and the inevitable reaction in self-disgust and corresponding depreciation of other people's motives did not constitute a fruitful soil for religious experience; and even if there had not been a sudden revolt of the intellect I doubt whether I should have remained a practising Christian. But it so happened that during these very months intellectual curiosity swept me into currents of thought at that time stirring the minds of those who frequented the outer, more unconventional and, be it added, the more cultivated circles of London society.

By the autumn of 1876 I thought I had reached a resting-place for the soul of man, from which he could direct his life according to the dictates of pure reason, without denying the impulse to reverence the Power that controlled the Universe. This resting-place was then termed, by its youngest and most uncompromising adherents, the Religion of Science. The God was The Unknowable: the prophet was Herbert Spencer. Prayer might have to go, but worship would remain. Looking back on my intimacy with the philosopher, it is certainly surprising to me that I do not appear to have read any of his books until I was eighteen years of age. It was during the six succeeding years of irresponsible girlhood that I tried the religion of science and found it wanting.

INSEPARABLY associated with my mother, and in many respects her complement, was Martha Jackson, my mother's lifelong companion and attendant. "Dada" was a saint, the one and only saint I ever knew. She mothered all the members of the large household, whether children or servants, whether good or naughty; she nursed them when they were ill, comforted them when they were in trouble, and spoke for them when they were in disgrace.

The most far-reaching and influential of Martha's gifts was her revelation of the meaning of the religious spirit. Fresh from listening to my mother's interminable arguments with Herbert Spencer concerning the origin of religion, Martha's formal creed, that of a Particular Baptist, seemed to me primitive if not barbaric. But she held the dogmas of the atonement, predestination, eternal punishment and of the literal infallibility of the Old and New Testament, not to mention the Protestant assumption that the Roman Catholic Church was the "Scarlet Woman" of Revelation, humbly and without question, as an act of loyalty to the faith in which she had been reared. Religion meant to her from beginning to end a state of mind, a state of mind which she believed reflected the state of mind of her Savior Jesus of Nazareth, an overpowering consciousness of love. It was a strangely impersonal love; if I may so phrase it, it was an equalitarian beneficence without respect for persons or even for the chracteristics of persons: it was manifested quite indifferently to all human beings, whether they were attractive or hideous, of high or low degree, geniuses or mental defectives, nobly self-sacrificing or meanly egotistical. Yet it was evident to all who knew her intimately that she held, with radiant conviction, that the state of mind which was to her religion could only be created and maintained by communion with an outside spiritual force, itself a manifestation of the spirit of love at work in the universe.

At the other end of the scale of human values and in significant contrast with the household saint—in intellect towering above her, but in emotional insight depths below her—stood the oldest and most intimate friend of the family, the incessantly ratiocinating philosopher—Herbert Spencer.

Always cheerfully beneficent, my father had a genuine if somewhat pitying affection for the philosopher on the hearth; he would walk with him, he would fish with him, he would travel with him, he would give him sound advice and tell him tales from business life which illustrated the working of this or that economic "law" in which they both believed; but argue with him or read his books he would not. "Won't work, my dear Spencer, won't work," my father would say good-humoredly, when the professional doubter defiantly proclaimed his practice on a Sunday morning of deliberately walking against the tide of churchgoers. This distaste for Herbert Spencer's

WHILE Herbert Spencer, her intimate for forty years, is the central figure of this second instalment, Mrs. Webb gives us glimpses of other outstanding Englishmen who shaped the social, economic and political thought of the mid-Victorian epoch. Among them

John Bright
Thomas Carlyle
Joseph Chamberlain
Francis Galton
Thomas H. Huxley
John Morley

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peculiar type of reasoning was all the more noteworthy because my father enjoyed intellectual society; he delighted in talks with Huxley, Tyndall and James Martineau, and when his friend James Antony Froude asked him on one or two occasions to join the afternoon walk with Thomas Carlyle he did so in the spirit of reverential awe, repeating to us afterwards the very words of the master. But Herbert Spencer's "synthetic philosophy," whether it concerned the knowable or the unknowable, bored him past endurance; he saw no sense in it. When I tried to interest him in the "law of increasing heterogeneity and definiteness in structure and function" at work—so the philosopher demonstrated—throughout the universe, my father answered this wise: "Words, my dear, mere words. Experience tells me that some businesses grow diverse and complicated, others get simpler and more uniform, others again go into the Bankruptcy Court. In the long run and over the whole field there is no more reason for expecting one process rather than the other. Spencer's intellect is like a machine racing along without raw material: it is wearing out his body. Poor Spencer, he lacks instinct, my dear, he lacks instinct—you will discover that instinct is as important as intellect." And then, taking out his engagement book, he added, in a more sympathetic tone, "I must see whether I can't arrange another day's fishing with him—poor man."

MEMORY recalls a finely sculptured head, prematurely bald, long stiff upper lip and powerful chin, obstinately compressed mouth, small sparkling grey eyes, set close together under a prominent Roman nose—altogether a remarkable headpiece dominating a tall, spare, well-articulated figure, tapering off into diminutive and well-formed hands and feet. Always clad in primly neat but quaintly unconventional garments, there was distinction, even a certain elegance in the philosopher's punctilious manners and precise and lucid speech. The sharpest imprint on my youthful mind was the transformation scene from the placid beneficence of an unwrinkled brow, an aspect habitual towards children and all weak things, to an attitude of tremulous exasperation, angry eyes and voice almost shrewish in its shrillness—when he "opined" that his or any one else's personal rights were being infringed.

To the children of the household the philosopher always appeared in the guise of a liberator. His delightful axiom "submission not desirable" was adorned and pointed by detailed criticism of the ways of governesses and other teachers: "stupid persons who taught irrelevant facts in an unintelligible way," a criticism which made even my mother uneasy and which infuriated the old-fashioned dame who presided for many years over the activities of the schoolroom. "You can go out this morning, my dears, with Mr. Spencer," said the governess to her pupils, after listening with pursed up lips to one of the philosopher's breakfast tirades against discipline, "and mind you follow his teaching and do exactly what you have a mind to." Whether due to an "undesirable submissiveness" to the governess or to a ready acquiescence in the doctrine of revolt, the philosopher found himself presently in a neighboring beech-wood pinned down in a leaf-filled hollow by little demons, all legs, arms, grins and dancing dark eyes, whilst the elder and more discreet tormentors pelted him with decaying beech leaves. "Your children are r-r-r-rude children," exclaimed the *Man versus the State* as he stalked into my mother's boudoir. But for the most part he and we were firm friends: we agreed with his denunciation of the "current curriculum," history, foreign languages, music and drawing, and his preference for "science"—a term which meant, in practice, scouring the countryside in his company for fossils, flowers and water-beasties which, alive, mutilated or dead, found their way into hastily improvised aquariums, cabinets and scrap-books—all alike discarded when his visit was over.

Speaking for myself, I was never interested in these collections of animate and inanimate things, even when looked at through his microscope or pulled to pieces by teasers. What fascinated me long before I began to study his writings, was watching him collect illustrations for his theories. By the time I became his companion these "First Principles" had ceased to be hypotheses; they had become a highly developed dogmatic creed with regard to the evolution of life. What remained to be done was to prove by innumerable illustrations how these principles or "laws" explained the whole of the processes of nature, from the formation of a crystal to the working of the party system within a democratic state.

Herbert Spencer was, in fact, engaged in the art of casuistry and it was in this art that for a time I became his apprentice, or was it his accomplice? Partly in order to gain his approbation and partly out of sheer curiosity about the working of his mind, I started out to discover, and where observation failed, to invent, illustrations of such scraps of theory as I understood. What I learnt from this game with his intellect was not, it is needless to remark, how to observe—for he was the most guillible of mortals and never scrutinised the accuracy of my tales—but whether the sample facts I brought him came within the "law" he wished to illustrate. It was indeed the training required for an English lawyer dealing with cases rather than that of a scientific worker seeking to discover and describe new forms of life. What he taught me to discern was not the truth, but the relevance of facts; a gift said to be rare in a woman and of untold importance to the social investigator confronted with masses of data, whether in documents or in the observed behavior of men—ascertained facts significant and insignificant, relevant and irrelevant. And it so happens that I find in my diary an authoritative confirmation of this appreciation of Herbert Spencer's intellectual processes in a conversation with Professor Huxley in 1887, when I was considering my old friend's request that I should act as his literary executor:

> I ventured to put forward the idea (I record), that Herbert Spencer had worked out the theory of evolution by grasping the disjointed theories of his time and welding them into one. "No," said Huxley, "Spencer never knew them: he elaborated his theory from his inner consciousness. He is the most original of thinkers, though he has never invented a new thought. He never reads: merely picks up what will help him to illustrate his theories. He is a great constructor: the form he has given to his gigantic system is entirely original: not one of the component factors is new, but he has not borrowed them. . . .
>
> Throughout the interview, what interested me was not Huxley's opinion of Spencer, but Huxley's account of himself. . . . How as a young man, though he had no definite purpose in life, he felt power; was convinced that in his own line he would be a leader. That expresses Huxley. . . . He throws the full weight of thought, feeling, will, into anything that he takes up. . . . None of the enthusiasm for what is, or the silent persistency in discovering facts; more the eager rush of the conquering mind, loving the fact of conquest more than

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the land conquered. And consequently his achievement has fallen far short of his capacity. Huxley is greater as a man than as a scientific thinker. The exact opposite might be said of Herbert Spencer.

HERE I express the debt I owe to the loyal friendship and mutual helpfulness which grew up between the child and the thinker, and which endured, undimmed by growing divergence in opinion, to the day of his death in 1903. It was the philosopher on the hearth who, alone among my elders, was concerned about my chronic ill-health, who encouraged me in my lonely studies; who delighted and stimulated me with the remark that I was a "born metaphysician," and that I "reminded him of George Eliot"; who was always pressing me to become a scientific worker, and who eventually arranged with Knowles of the Nineteenth Century for the immediate publication of my first essay in social investigation.

Even more important for the young student than these acts of personal kindness was the example of continuous concentrated effort in carrying out, with an heroic disregard of material prosperity and physical comfort, a task which he believed would further human progress. There is, indeed, no limit to what I owe to my thirty or forty years intimacy with this unique life: unique, as I came to see, no less as a warning than as a model.

In my diary, under date of November 1876, I find an extract from Social Statics—a passage (see accompanying box) which, oddly enough, I cannot now trace in any edition to which I have access, but which it is clear that I did not invent! "Who could wish for a grander faith than this!" I exclaimed in a note at the end of the extract. I quote this eloquent expression of philosophic optimism with regard to the evolution of the universe because it convinced me at the time, although it failed me later on. Indeed, it is a favorite speculation of mine that Herbert Spencer himself eventually discovered that there was no evidence in the findings of physical science for any such assumption of essential beneficence in the working of natural forces; and that the mental misery of his later life was not altogether unconnected with the loss of the inspiring creed with which he began his Synthetic Philosophy. From his references, during the last years to current scientific controversy, I gathered that he was profoundly disturbed by some of the newer hypotheses of the physicists; but as I had neither knowledge of nor interest in these questions I failed to understand the cause of this unrest. In answer to my enquiry, my friend Bertrand Russell suggests this explanation:

I don't know whether he was ever made to realize the implications of the second law of thermodynamics; if so, he might well be upset. The law says that everything tends to uniformity and a dead level, diminishing (not increasing) heterogeneity. Energy is only useful when unevenly concentrated, and the law says that it tends to become evenly diffused. This law used to worry optimists about the time when Spencer was old. On the other hand, his optimism was always groundless, so his pessimism may have been equally so; perhaps the cause of both was physiological.

It is interesting to note that Charles Darwin seems in his own range of subjects to have shared this strange optimism with regard to the correspondence of the nature of things with a human scale of values. In a letter to Sir Charles Lyell he wrote: "If I have a second edition, I will reiterate 'Natural Selection and, as a general consequence, Natural improvement.'" (*The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, vol. ii., p. 177, 1887 edition.)

In these latter days of deep disillusionment, now that we have learnt, by the bitter experience of the Great War, to what vile uses the methods and results of science may be put, when these are inspired and directed by brutal instinct and base motive, it is hard to understand the naïve belief of the most original and vigorous minds of the 'seventies and 'eighties that it was by science, and by science alone, that all human misery would be ultimately swept away. This almost fanatical faith was perhaps partly due to hero-worship. For who will deny that the men of science were the leading British intellectuals of that period; that it was they who stood out as men of genius with international reputations; that it was they who were the self-confident militants of the period; that it was they who were routing the theologians, confounding the mystics, imposing their theories on philosophers, their inventions on capitalists, and their discoveries on medical men; whilst snubbing the artists, ignor-

Spencer's Faith

From an Early Edition of Social Statics

IT is in truth a sad sight for any one who has been, what Bacon recommends, "a servant and interpreter of nature," to see these political schemers, with their clumsy mechanisms, trying to supersede the great laws of existence. Such an one, no longer regarding the mere outside of things, has learned to look for the secret forces by which they are upheld. After patient study this chaos of phenomena into the midst of which he was born has begun to generalise itself to him, and where there seemed nothing but confusion, he can now discern the dim outline of a gigantic plan. No accidents, no chance; but everywhere order and completeness.

THROUGHOUT he finds the same vital principles, ever in action, ever successful, and embracing the minutest details. Growth is unceasing; and though slow, all powerful; showing itself here in some rapidly developing outline, and there, where necessity is less, exhibiting only the fibrils of incipient organization.

Irresistible as it is subtle, he sees, in the working of these changes, a power that bears onwards peoples and governments, regardless of their theories, and schemes, and prejudices—a power which sucks the life out of their landed institutions, shrivels up their state parchments with a breath, paralyses long venerated authorities, obliterates the most deeply graven laws, makes statesmen recant and puts prophets to the blush, buries cherished customs, shelves precedents, and which, before men are conscious of the fact, has wrought a revolution in all things, and filled the world with a higher life. Always towards perfection is the mighty movement—towards a complete development and more unmixed good; subordinating in its universality all petty irregularities and fallings back, as the curvature of the earth subordinates mountains and valleys. Even in evils, the student learns to recognize only a struggling beneficence. But above all, he is struck with the inherent sufficingness of things and with the complex simplicity of principles.

Day by day he sees further beauty. Each new fact illustrates more clearly some recognized law, or discloses some unconceived completeness; contemplation thus perpetually discovering to him a higher harmony, and cherishing in him a deeper faith. [*MS. diary, November* 19.]

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ing the poets and even casting doubts on the capacity of the politicians?

Nor was the cult of the scientific method confined to intellectuals. "Halls of Science" were springing up in crowded working-class districts; and Bradlaugh, the fearless exponent of scientific materialism and the "Fruits of Philosophy," was the most popular demagog of the hour. Persecuted, proscribed and denounced by those who stood in the high places of church and state, he nevertheless, by sheer force of character and widespread popular support, imposed himself on the House of Commons, and compelled it finally to abandon its theological test of membership. Indeed, in the 'seventies and 'eighties it looked as if whole sections of the British proletariat—and these the élite—would be swept, like the corresponding class on the Continent, into a secularist movement. To illustrate this idolization of science, I give one quotation from a widely read little book published in 1872 (The Martyrdom of Man, by Winwood Reade):

> Earth, which is now a purgatory, will be made a paradise, not by idle prayers and supplications, but by the efforts of man himself, and by mental achievements analogous to those which have raised him to his present state. Those inventions and discoveries which have made him, by the grace of God, king of animals, lord of the elements, and sovereign of steam and electricity, were all founded on experiment and observation. . . . When we have ascertained, by means of Science, the methods of Nature's operation, we shall be able to take her place and to perform them for ourselves. These bodies which now we wear belong to the lower animals; our minds have already outgrown them; already we look upon them with contempt. A time will come when Science will transform them by means which we cannot conjecture, and which if explained to us we could not now understand, just as the savage cannot understand electricity, magnetism, steam. Disease will be extirpated; the causes of decay will be removed; immortality will be invented. And then the earth being small, mankind will emigrate into space and will cross airless Saharas which separate planet from planet, and sun from sun. The earth will become a Holy Land which will be visited by pilgrims from all the quarters of the universe. Finally, men will master the forces of Nature; they will become themselves architects of systems, manufacturers of worlds. Man will then be perfect; he will be a creator; he will therefore be what the vulgar worship as god.

This unhesitating reliance on the particular type of mental activity, which is always associated with modern, or shall I call it Western science, was by far the most potent ferment at work in the mental environment in which I was reared, whether in the books I read or the persons with whom I associated on terms of intimacy. In particular, owing to our intimacy with Herbert Spencer, we were friendly with the group of distinguished scientific men who met together at the monthly dinner of the famous "X Club."

And here I should like to recall that, among these scientists, the one who stays in my mind as the ideal man of science is not Huxley or Tyndall, Hooker or Lubbock, still less my friend, philosopher and guide Herbert Spencer, but Francis Galton, whom I used to observe and listen to—I regret to add, without the least reciprocity—with rapt attention. Even today I can conjure up, from memory's misty deep, that tall figure with its attitude of perfect physical and mental poise; the clean-shaven face, the thin, compressed mouth with its enigmatical smile, the long upper lip and firm chin, and, as if presiding over the whole personality of the man, the prominent dark eyebrows from beneath which gleamed, with penetrating humor, contemplative grey eyes. Fascinating to me was Francis Galton's all-embracing but apparently impersonal beneficence. But, to a recent and enthusiastic convert to the scientific method, the most relevant of Galton's many gifts was the unique contribution of three separate and distinct processes of the intellect; a continuous curiosity about, and rapid apprehension of individual facts, whether common or uncommon; the faculty for ingenious trains of reasoning; and, more admirable than either of these, because the talent was wholly beyond my reach, the capacity for correcting and verifying his own hypotheses, by the statistical handling of masses of data, whether collected by himself or supplied by other students of the problem.

"REFERRING to your microscopic work," wrote my guide, philosopher, and friend in the autumn of 1883, "I wish you would take up some line of enquiry, say such an one as the absorbent organs in the leaves, roots and seeds of plants. . . ." But although I realized the value of physical science as a training in scientific method, the whole subject-matter of

John Morley in the 80's

MET John Morley yesterday at Kate's, and spent an evening with him and the Courtneys alone. A lovable man I should think to his friends. Quick sympathy and appreciation of the ideas of others. But surely not a man of statesmanlike grasp or of practical sagacity? An "intellectual," delighting in "the order of thought," not in "the order of things." Spoke enthusiastically of Gladstone's power of work, of his charm, and of his absorption in the idea then present to his mind; he [Gladstone] obviously regarding men as shadows, liking those best who gave him the ease of flattery and perfect agreement. This, joined to what Huxley said at Bournemouth — that Gladstone never sought truth for itself but always regarded principles and opinions in so far as they were held and expressed by a more or less number of people—throws some light on the character of the G.O.M. [*MS. diary, April* 1886.]

DINED with Courtneys: John Morley, Arthur Balfour, secretary for Ireland, E. Russell, editor of *Liverpool Post* and rising politician, Mrs. Fawcett and Mrs. Dugdale. Arthur Balfour a charming person. Tall, good-looking and intellectual. Says cynical and clever things, which are meant to be cleverer than they turn out to be. Easy and well-bred—of the old type of gentleman-politician, a type fast fading out of existence. . . . The conversation was easy and pleasant, but it was all froth. No one said what they thought, and every one said what they thought to be clever. [*MS. diary, May* 1887.]

I HAD a long talk with John Morley. He is anxious about the socialists at Newcastle. Up till now he has treated them with indifference, not to say contempt; but they mustered two thousand votes at the last school board election, and Morley began to take them seriously. He was preparing for an interview at Newcastle, and was full of the eight hours' movement and other social questions. In his speeches he asserts that the social question is the one thing to live for; he ignores imperial politics and wants to cut off England from all foreign relations. And yet he has evidently never thought about social questions; he does not know even the A.B.C. of labor problems. Oh! ye politicians! [*MS. diary, February* 11, 1889.]

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natural science bored me. I was not interested in rocks and plants, grubs and animals, not even in man considered merely as a biped, with the organs of a biped. What roused and absorbed my curiosity were men and women, regarded—if I may use an old-fashioned word—as "souls," their past and present conditions of life, their thoughts and feelings and their constantly changing behavior. This field of enquiry was not, as yet, recognized in the laboratories of the universities, or in other disciplined explorations of the varieties of human experience. I may add, by the way, that what turned me away from psychology was what seemed to me the barren futility of the text-books then current. Instead of the exact descriptions of the actual facts of individual minds, reacting to particular environments and developing in various directions, I seemed to find nothing but arbitrary definitions of mind in the abstract, which did not correspond with the mental life of any one person, and were, in fact, nothing but hypothetical abstractions from an idealized reflection of the working of the author's own mind—that is, of a superior person of a highly developed race—an idealization which apparently led to an ungrounded belief in the universal prevalence, throughout human society, of that rare synthetic gift, enlightened self-interest! For any detailed description of the complexity of human nature, of the variety and mixture in human motive, of the insurgence of instinct in the garb of reason, of the multifarious play of the social environment on the individual ego and of the individual ego on the social environment, I had to turn to novelists and poets, to Fielding and Flaubert, to Balzac and Browning, to Thackeray and Goethe. In all this range of truth-telling fiction the verification of the facts or of the conclusions drawn from the facts was impracticable. If I have any vain regrets for absent opportunities it is exactly this: that I grew up to maturity as a sociological investigator without a spell of observation and experiment in the modern science of psychology.

THROWN back on books, books, and again books, I began to select these, not in order to satisfy curiosity and extend interest in life, but deliberately so as to forge an instrument of discovery about human nature in society. The summer after my mother's death, I began a systematic study, lasting for over a year, of the *Synthetic Philosophy*. But in spite of the guidance of its author I remained a "doubting Thomas," though a miserably feeble one, about the validity of the Spencerian generalizations.

To quote from my diary [January, 1883]:

> Mother's death opened out a new world to me in thought and action. It stamped, by a new experience, the conviction which had been slowly growing from the first dawning of conscious thought within me, a conviction that the world was either an infernal chaos, or that all life was a manifestation of goodness; and death, disease and misery horrible only to our imperfect vision.
>
> The death of one dear and near to me did not strike me as sadder than the death of the (*Continued on page* 577)

Joseph Chamberlain

INTERESTING dinner here on the 18th. A Whig Peer on one side of me—Joseph Chamberlain on the other. Whig Peer talked of his own possessions; Chamberlain passionately of getting hold of other people's—*for the masses!* Curious and interesting character, dominated by intellectual passions, with little self-control but with any amount of purpose. Herbert Spencer on Chamberlain: "A man who may mean well but who does, and will do, an incalculable amount of mischief." Chamberlain on Herbert Spencer: "Happily, for the majority of the world, his writing is unintelligible, otherwise his life would have been spent in doing harm." No personal animus between them, but a fundamental antipathy of mind. . . . [*MS. diary, June* 1883.]

HE told me the history of his political career; how his creed grew up on a basis of experience and sympathy; how his desire to benefit the many had become gradually a passion absorbing within itself his whole nature. "Hitherto, the well-to-do have governed this country for their own interest; and I will do them this credit—they have achieved their object. Now I trust the time is approaching for those who work and have not. My aim in life is to make life pleasanter for this great majority; I do not care if it becomes in the process less pleasant for the well-to-do minority. Take America, for instance. Cultured persons complain that the society there is vulgar; less agreeable to the delicate tastes of delicately trained minds. But it is infinitely preferable to the ordinary worker. . . ."

By temperament he is an enthusiast and a despot. A deep sympathy with the misery and incompleteness of most men's lives, and an earnest desire to right this, transforms political action into a religious crusade; but running alongside this genuine enthusiasm is a passionate desire to crush opposition to his will, a longing to feel his foot on the necks of others, though he would persuade himself that he represents the right and his adversaries the wrong. [*MS. diary, January* 12, 1884.]

[*A political demonstration at Birmingham,* 1884]

BELOW us, packed as close as may be, stand some thousands of men. . . . The band strikes up. . . . John Bright is received with affectionate and loyal applause, as he stands for a moment before the children and the children's children of his old friends and contemporaries. . . .

I was disappointed in Bright as an orator. Still, there was something nobly pathetic in the old story of Tory sinfulness told by the stern-looking old man, who seemed gradually to lose consciousness of the crowd beneath him, and see himself confronted with the forces of the past. The people listened with reverence.

As he [Chamberlain] rose slowly, and stood silently before his people, his whole face and form seemed transformed. The crowd became wild with enthusiasm. Hats, handkerchiefs, even coats, were waved frantically as an outlet for feeling. . . . At the first sound of his voice they became as one man. Into the tones of his voice he threw the warmth of feeling which was lacking in his words; and every thought, every feeling, the slightest intonation of irony or contempt was reflected on the face of the crowd. . . .

The man's power as a leader and controller of men is proved by his position in his own town. . . . He recognizes no distinction of class, and in this as in all other matters, he is supported by the powerful clan to which he belongs. The Kenricks and Chamberlains form the aristocracy and plutocracy of Birmingham. . . . In his treatment of some members of the Association he used the simple power of "You shall, and you go to the devil if you don't." The second power—that of attraction, is shown to a certain extent in private intercourse with his intimate friends, but chiefly in his public relationship towards his own constituency; and it is proved by the emotional nature of their enthusiasm. It is to this power that Chamberlain owes all the happiness of his life, and it is the reaction of this power which intensifies his sympathies and also his egotism. . . .

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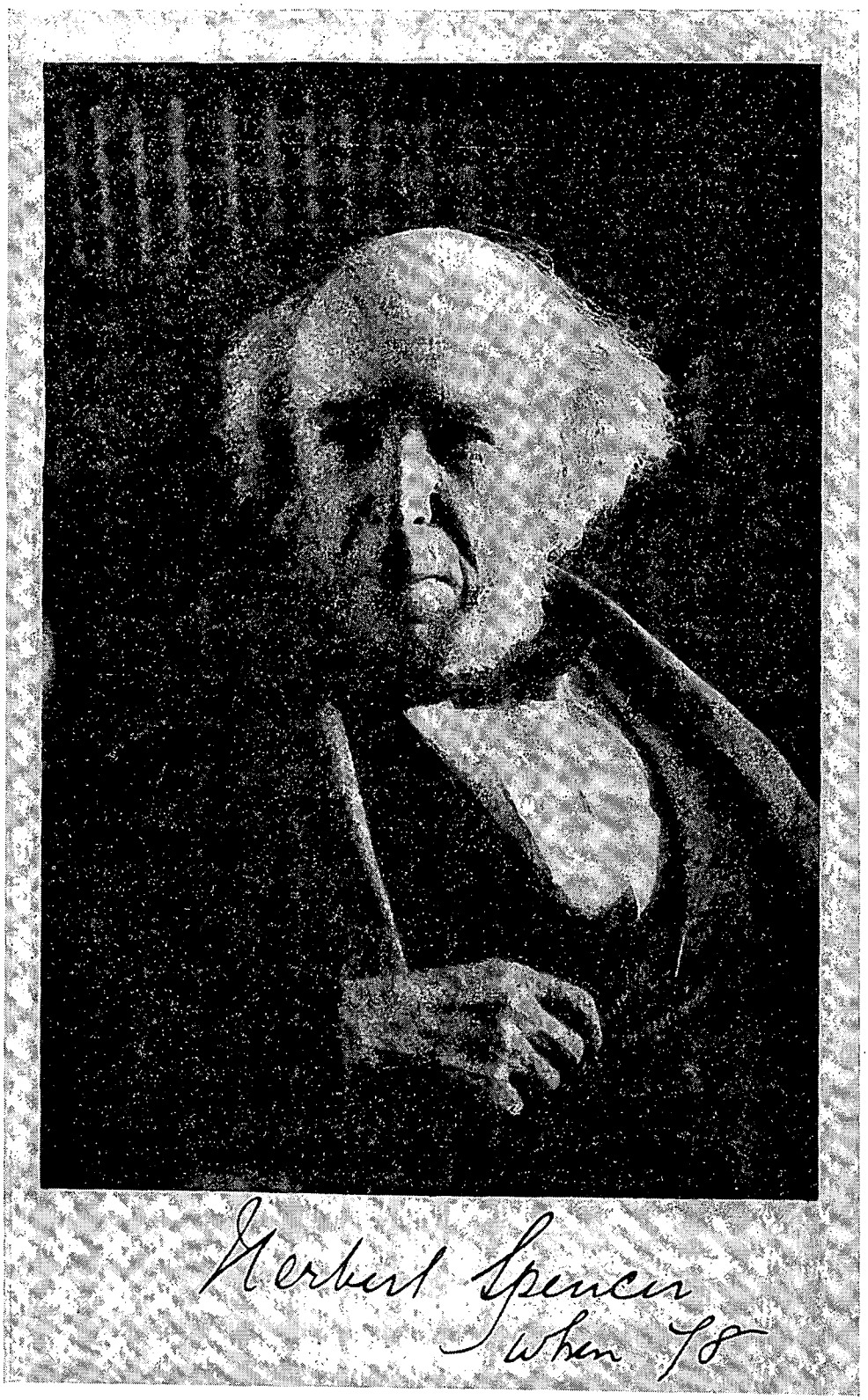

From the Autobiography of Herbert Spencer, published by D. Appleton & Co.

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Herbert Spencer Passes

[Entries from Mrs. Webb's Diary]

A PATHETIC three days at Brighton just before we left London. . . . The poor old man looked as if he were leaving this world: and what pained me was his look of weary discomfort and depression. I kissed him on the forehead and took his hand in mine. He seemed so glad of this mark of affection: "It is good-bye, dear old, or is it young friend," he said with a slight flicker of a smile; "which word is the most appropriate?" And then he seemed anxious to talk. "If pessimism means that you would rather not have lived, then I am a pessimist," he said in tones of depression. "Life will be happier and nobler for those who come after you, Mr. Spencer, because of your work." "It is good of you to say so," he answered in a grateful tone. "Yes, humanity will develop—development is what we must look for," his voice becoming more earnest. "Come and see me before you go—that is enough at present. . . ." [*MS. diary, June* 1903.]

I TRIED to suggest that he give up the struggle against ill fate and accept the rest of his existence. "Why should I be resigned?" he retorted almost angrily. "I have nothing to hope for in return for resignation. I look forward merely to extinction—that is a mere negative. . . .

It is tragic to look at the whole of man's life as a bargain in which man gets perpetually the worst of it. But the notion of contract—a *quid pro quo*—is so ingrained in the poor old man that even illness and death seem a nasty fraud perpetrated by nature. [*MS. diary, July* 3, 1903.]

MY old friend passed away peacefully this morning. . . . "My oldest and dearest friend," he has called me these last visits. "Let us break bread together," he said on Monday, and insisted on a plate of grapes being set on the bed and both of us eating them. "You and I have had the same ends," he repeated again; "it is only in methods we have differed." The last twenty years have been sad—poisoned by morphia and self-absorption and contorted by that strangely crude vision of all human life as a series of hard bargains. . . . Still if we strip Herbert Spencer's life of its irritation and superficial egotism—brought about, I believe, by poisonous food and drugs—and of its narrow philosophy of conduct, there remains the single-hearted persistent seeker after truth—the absolute faith that a measure of truth was attainable and would, if sought for earnestly, bring about consolation and reformation to mankind—the implicit assumption that he must live for the future of the human race, not for his own comfort, pleasure or success.

If he had only not dogmatically denied that which he could not perceive or understand, if he had, with sincerity, admitted his own deficiencies of knowledge and perception—perhaps even of reasoning power—if he had had a ray of true humility—what a great and inspiring personality he might have been.

As it was, he was a light to others in the *common places* of existence, but one that failed in the greater crises of life, and was quenched by sorrow or by temptation. Did the Light that was in him survive even for himself? To me he seemed in these last years to be stumbling in total darkness, hurting himself and then crying aloud in his lonely distress, clinging to his dogmas but without confident faith—with an almost despairing and defiant pride of intellect. Again, I assert that all these strange shortcomings and defects were like an ugly and distorted setting to a small but brilliant stone. This setting may drop from him at death and the everlasting brilliant of truth-seeking remain? He will be among the elect. . . .

AS a child he was perhaps the only person who persistently cared for me—or rather who singled me out as one who was worthy of being trained and looked after. Intellectually he had no dominant influence until after the age of twenty, when I first began to study his works systematically. But though I had not until then grasped his philosophy, merely talking to him and listening to his long and pleasant discussions with Mother stimulated both my curiosity as to the facts and my desire to discover the principles or laws underlying these facts. He taught me to look on all social institutions exactly as if they were plants or animals—things that could be observed, classified and explained, and the action of which could to some extent be foretold if one knew enough about them.

. . . . It was after Mother's death—in the first years of mental vigor—that I read the *First Principles* and followed his generalizations through Biology, Psychology and Sociology. This generalization illuminated my mind; the importance of functional adaptation was, for instance, at the basis of a good deal of the faith in collective regulation that I afterwards developed. Once engaged in the application of the scientific method to the facts of social organization, in my observations of East End life, of co-operation, of factory Acts, of trade Unionism, I shook myself completely free from *laisser faire* bias—in fact I suffered from a somewhat violent reaction from it.

And in later years even the attitude towards religion and towards supernaturalism which I had accepted from him as the last word of enlightenment, have become replaced by another attitude—no less agnostic but with an inclination to doubt materialism more than I doubt spiritualism—to listen for voices in the great Unknown, to open my consciousness to the non-material world—to prayer. If I had to live my life over again, according to my present attitude I should, I think, remain a conforming member of the National Church. My case, I think, is typical of the rise and fall of Herbert Spencer's influence over the men and women of my own generation.

IT is more difficult to unravel the effect of his *Example* on the conduct of life. The amazing loyalty to a disinterested aim, the patience, endurance, the noble faith manifested in his daily life, sustained me through those dark years of discouragement, before success made continuous effort easy, and loving comradeship made it delightful. Contrariwise the fitfulness, suspicion, petty irritations and antagonisms which have disfigured the later years have, perhaps unjustly (?), increased my distaste for all varieties of utilitarian ethics, all attempts to apply the scientific method to the *Purpose* as distinguished from the *Processes* of existence. His failure to attain to the higher levels of conduct and feeling has sealed my conviction in the bankruptcy of science when it attempts to realize the cause or the aim of human existence. [*MS. diary, December* 8 *and* 9, 1903.]

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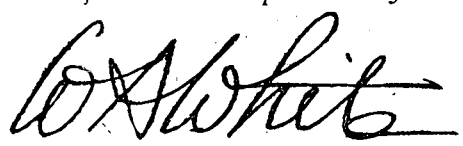
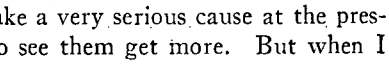
"You cannot dramatize the injustices of the present situation. . . . The reformer's occupation is gone."



THE old reformer in the new order faces a new situation. He cannot bring to bear upon the new situation the old psychology. It won't work. The dissidence of discontent will not bite into this situation. Twenty, thirty, even forty years ago economic and social injustices were much more obvious and seemed more cruel than they are today. Since 1917, in America at least, great improvement seems to have come in the distribution of wealth. Perhaps the rich are vastly richer, but certainly the poor are getting more necessities, comforts, and even luxuries out of life than they got before. They are not getting enough, but they are getting too many of the needs and comforts of life to make a very serious cause at the present time. I should like to see them get more. But when I talk to the average man who looks at life in the average way, at the average condition of the average industrial worker, the average man puts his hand to his mouth and swallows his yawn and walks off. You cannot dramatize the injustices of the present situation. Hence the reformer's occupation is gone. The radical is unable to appeal to the emotions of the people. New times will produce new causes, and sooner or later new issues will call out those qualities in heart and mind which made the old idealists popular and forceful in the land. But their time is not now.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

"When the war was over, real liberal cooperation would have captured the future for the world."



AN intelligent answer requires us to recall at the outset that many of the things about which Mr. Howe was radical have been accomplished. American municipal government, which was a disgrace twenty-five years ago, is now both more honest and more efficient. The principle of municipal home rule has been adopted into state constitutions. Many cities have made and re-made their own charters and a series of informing experiments has been made in municipal institutions, so that city government is freer from bossism, more responsive to popular control and more efficient than it used to be. With these changes has come the full acceptance of the program of municipal activity for which radicals used to contend—better public schools, parks, bath houses and public control of public utility monopolies.

In the second place, we must admit that some of the things radicals contended for have been tried and found of less value in practice than they promised in theory. Among these are the initiative and referendum, the recall, the non-partisan primary, the commission form of government and proportional representation. That some of these have proved useful is clear, but their absolute importance is plainly less than was once supposed.

In the third place, when the great national test came after the World War, the radicals developed a wholly un-

Where Are the

FRED HOWE asked the question broaden it to include progressi taxers, 'muck rakers,' civic campaigne of the century fought for the common it before the people. We have asked: ' to men and women who were in the th No attempt is made to frame a commo to help the reader find himself in relati

GEORGE W. ALGER, lawyer, long time head of the Reform Club of New York, a pioneer in the cause of constructive labor legislation. Author of The Old Law and the New Order.

NEWTON D. BAKER, Tom Johnson's left hand in his long drawn municipal ownership fight in Cleveland, his successor as mayor of the city, and Woodrow Wilson's Secretary of War. Since then president of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce.

RAY STANNARD BAKER has been called America's "star reporter" since the days of "the old McClure's." He followed the white plume of Wilson to Paris, directed the American Press Bureau at the Peace Conference, and is now at work on the authoritative biography of Wilson.

ROGER BALDWIN is known best for his spirited work in organizing the American Civil Liberties Union. He arrived there by way of law, social and civic work in St. Louis. His nine months in jail in 1918 was for his conscience's sake; he refused to be examined for the draft.

STUART CHASE, who is one of the Labor Bureau group, has just written a book on Waste. He began as a certified public accountant, and is bent on finding out what economics has to do with happiness.

CLARENCE DARROW, Chicago lawyer, the attorney for the defense in cases as varied as they have been famous—from the McNamara trial in Los Angeles to the Scopes case in Tennessee where he locked horns over evolution with William Jennings Bryan.

EUGENE V. DEBS of Indiana. The many-time presidential candidate of the Socialists who went to the Atlanta Penitentiary for his expressions on the War. This is the fifth decade since he led the Pullman strike of '94. There's nothing weary about Debs.

SHERWOOD EDDY has labored for the Y. M. C. A. in India, all Asia and other strange parts of the world, including the U. S. A. He voices the new world hope of the church, and sees youth as its evangel.

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e-War Radicals?

Confessions of a Reformer. We urgents, liberals, socialists, single- abor leaders who in the early years they variously saw it, and dramatized cceeds them?" and put the questions he fight then, or who are active now. r. Rather we throw these answers out changing world.

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Miss Tarbell as his colleagues. As an adventure of the spirit, it went the way of all flesh; but he is a member of the Crowell Publishing Company, residuary legatee of the pre-war Collier's and the pre-prosperity American.

LOUIS F. POST was for years the devoted editor of The Public, spokesman for the Single Taxers. From 1913 to 1921, as Assistant U. S. Secretary of Labor, he put humaneness into government service and resisted the "Deportation Delirium."

LAWSON PURDY, today general secretary of the New York Charity Organization Society. As New York's tax expert, to quote Mr. Howe, he made "one of the most distinguished contributions to municipal politics."

IDA M. TARBELL, dean of American women journalists, was associated with McClure's from 1894 to 1906, and with The American from 1906 to 1915. Her Inside History of the Standard Oil Company was the first outstanding example of large scale magazine fact-gathering.

NORMAN THOMAS, director of the League for Industrial Democracy. In spreading his evangel of labor in politics, he stood as Farmer-Labor candidate for Governor of New York in 1924, Socialist candidate for Mayor in 1925.

BURTON K. WHEELER, United States Senator from Montana and LaFollette's running mate in 1925. He has emerged victorious from three suits which his inquisitiveness as to the Harding regime may have cost him.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, editor of the Emporia Gazette, official organ of the Middle West. He has written everything, including guide-books to the early liberal movement like The Old Order Changeth, and Stratagems and Spoils. He is the best preserved specimen of the Bull Moose.

The editors of The Survey acknowledge the collaboration of Charles Scribner's Sons, who made this symposium possible by dispatching to each contributor a copy of "The Confessions of a Reformer," the autobiographical volume in which Mr. Howe not only puts the question quoted, but interprets his own rich experience.

suspected lack of capacity to cooperate. When the war was over, real liberal cooperation would have captured the future for the world, but every radical and every liberal, apparently, had his own theory or his own grievance, and the conservative reaction marched through the liberal ranks, which were broken into fragments by their own dissensions.

In the fourth place, after the immeasurable destruction of the World War, a destruction alike of physical property and faith in human institutions, the stricken and terrified world demanded a respite. Instead of more destruction of things and faith, it wanted a chance to build again on its shattered foundation. Most of the radicals of the older day have responded to the call for constructive effort.

Lastly the experience of the Russian people under a degrading despotism, with radicals in the saddle, has tempered the welcome of radical ideas in other parts of the world.

None of the foregoing means that there is less room in the world or less need in the world for liberalism. Liberalism is a state of mind and not a creed. A liberal uses his fellow men for their benefit and not for his own. He judges political purposes by their effect on the common good and he has in his mind's eye, as the ultimate object of his concern, "the forgotten man," remote, obscure and inaudible in high places. Liberalism of this quality is imperishable and it has many brave services yet to perform for the American people.

NEWTON W. BAKER

"There are no miracles in progress; there is only the plodding but beautiful adventure of inquiry and education."

Ray Stannard Baker

I CAN answer "Here" to your roll-call of the "pre-war radicals." If I was indeed a radical then, I am still a radical, and no hopeless radical either, for my belief in certain great fundamentals of human relationship has not changed. I believed then that the basis of all advance in civilization was human understanding and human sympathy. I believe it still more vitally now. I am therefore more radical, not less.

Where I was mistaken as a "pre-war radical" was in thinking that what I wanted could be had by adopting certin easy devices of social inventions—otherwise, by short-cuts. What I have gained since is the knowledge that though the thing is true the time appointed is long. There are no miracles in progress; there is only the plodding but beautiful adventure of inquiry and education. Civilization does not come by control but by self-control. We cannot make the hurrah of elections and the enactment of laws take the place of personal conviction.

I deny being a "disillusioned radical"; but rather a deeper radical in the very sense of the word "root." We must go down deep where men live and try first of all to understand them. We "pre-war radicals" were just like all the other politicians; we were more interested in bossing people than in knowing them; we wanted to boss our neighbors into our own little plans for goodness, or efficiency, or justice. We did not understand that growth does not come from without or above, but from within and deep down.

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Don't blame us then because we are no longer so sure as we were, or so noisy; think of us as having gone back to get acquainted with life, of liking better for a while to ask questions than to answer them; of *trying to understand.* And don't worry; you will hear of us again later (not us in any personal or egotistical sense, but of us who believe that understanding is the key-note of civilization); we shall be coming up from the soil all muscular with new power. For this is the truth of the matter: people are infinitely worth knowing, worth living among, worth working with; they are the only material we have out of which to build a New Earth. This is the greatest of all creative adventures; and better worth while than ever it was before in history; for the material is more alive, more malleable, more interesting. That it cannot at once, overnight, be shaped to our ideas of perfection, is no cause for sickly disillusionment, but for new enthusiasm and new effort. The true creator sees that while the stone is harder than he thought, the image within it is vastly greater, and nobler.

RAY STANNARD BAKER

"The pre-war radical was often not a wise man—an experienced or patient man. He knew little about human beings."

IF the editor of The Survey is inquiring after pre-war radicals because he thinks they may have lost their zeal or changed their objectives, let him write a book claiming that some favorite corporate scape-goat is not and never has been guilty of certain sins with which he is charged—moreover that for twenty-five years he has carried on a valiant struggle to correct the said sins in the field where he had authority. The storm of bricks from pre-war radicals and their post-war imitators that will greet his effort will convince him that the tribe still thrives and is as jealous as ever of its ammunition dump.

The writer of these paragraphs has just applied this test and can guarantee its efficacy. The pre-war radical who considers it as treasonable to discover good among the "interests" as his enemy, the pre-war conservative, considers it treasonable to point out evil there, is still with us.

The group is not in my judgment seriously depleted. To be sure a few killed themselves for public usefulness sometime ago by self-imitation. They knew but one theme—one method of attack. When that was no longer effective with the easily bored public their following left them. They usually charged the desertion to the "interests" but their own inflexibility—their ignorance of the bigness and complexity of the problems with which they dealt—had much more to do with it than the hostility of those who disagreed with their views and disliked their methods, and whom they should have expected to oppose them—until they could convince or overthrow them.

The fact is that the pre-war radical was often not a wise man—an experienced or patient man. He knew little about human beings, and what as individuals and herds they can be counted on to do under certain circumstances, when his denunciation, his righteous indignation at the stupidities, injustices and wrongs that complicate the daily affairs of the nation, his demonstrations—for often they were just that—that simpler, more rational procedure could be followed if people would unite for it—when all this had given him an advantage, he frequently lost it because he did not know how to take the next step, did not understand the need of practical cooperation with all men.

Some of the kind destroyed themselves by allowing their campaigns to degenerate into sensationalism. That was what killed the aggressive popular magazine, starting with careful investigation and temperate, if often severe exposition—having a passion for facts and their meaning, these journals flourished, were listened to, but imitators interested not in the whole truth of things but the half-truths which served their theories, rose. The school was soon wallowing in sensation. Much of it deserved the title of muck-raking which Mr. Roosevelt gave it. The careful and serious editor and writer were tarred by the abuse of their method, and finally a form of journalism capable of continued usefulness was done to death—by those in its own ranks—not by bankers afraid of its influence as so often charged.

These casualties aside, the mass of pre-war radicals are still at large, and if less vociferous still in their own way useful. Some of them like Fred Howe, the lovable reformer whose confessions gave The Survey the text for its question, are flitting from one exciting outbreak to another, though few have landed as happily as he—the head of a sublimated gab-fest on his own ocean front in summer, an intellectual *flaneur* in Paris in winter. Don't tell me the reformer does not know how to provide oases for himself!

Not a few—probably most of the pre-war radicals have found new themes. They know that their old problems are still unsolved, though if they are candid they know that their efforts have led to a better understanding and many corrections. If their temper was less melancholy they would rejoice that something has been accomplished. They see the need of new tools, new approaches, new and larger attitudes of mind. Many of them have come to believe that the present imperative duty of those interested in fixing up the world is to learn how to stop quarrelling—to do away with wars and strikes and lockouts—to suspect their opponent less and their own infallibility more—to be willing to peg away at the thing that comes to their hand—not asking that the nation stop in its tracks and listen to their voice—but convinced that if they are doing as well as they can what seems a useful thing, they are doing the only really radical thing man is capable of.

IDA M. TARBELL

"Contemporary 'radicalism,' trying governmentally to enslave its enemies, can end only by enslaving itself."

WHAT has become of the pre-war "radicals"?

Well, what is a "radical"?

I used to think that a "radical" was a person who, like Thomas Jefferson, stood out valiantly—and even a bit wildly and frantically—against all avoidable encroachments upon individual life by that arch-foe of individuality and personality, that greatest of all necessary evils, the State.

I used to think that a "radical" was a person who wished to wrest from the State its habitual traditional custom of

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throwing its weight—its coercion—into the scales in favor of the powerful against the weak.

The electing of legislators who would not give undue and excessive tariffs and franchises to manufacturers and investors; the electing of executives who would not use their administrative powers to check the growth of new expression in political philosophy, in literature, in motion pictures; the choosing of judges who would not use the rod of the injunction to repeal the constitutional rights of strikers—such I thought to be, in principle, in illustration, the motivating impulses and objectives of the "radical."

I have lived to see my error. The "radical" of this moment—dominantly—is not so much interested in trying to weaken the power of the State to enslave the thinker and the worker as he is in vainly trying to strengthen the power of the State to enslave the manager and the capitalist.

I say "vainly." At Washington we see bureau after bureau, commission after commission, founded by the energies of "radicals" and dominated now—and used against "radicals"—by "reactionaries."

This is so; and it is bound to be so; for the plain simple reason that more "reactionaries" than "radicals" can pay their railroad fare to Washington to see to it.

Those who take the sword will perish by the sword; and those who lay hold of government excessively to serve their purposes will ultimately perish excessively by government; for government in essence is nothing but coercion, nothing but the sword.

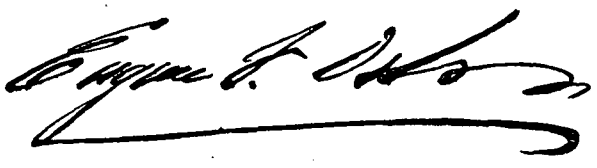
Contemporary "radicalism," trying governmentally to enslave its enemies, can end only by enslaving itself. It needs to transfer its emphasis from more commissions to more emancipations, from more bureaus of governmental inquiry to more equalities of governmental behavior, from more laws to more repeals of more laws.

"Radicalism," from being a grand wild dragon, has gone and become a thing in which the only "redness" is that it is a red-tape-worm.

I await its re-birth out of the cocoon into which it is winding itself. I shall then want to ride on its wings, just for a few trips, toward the sun, before I die, I hope.

WILLIAM HARD

"We Socialists are where we always were—just as radical, just as confident, just as determined."



MR. HOWE'S challenge, I think, applies with particular force to the unorganized and unaffiliated radicals. It does not apply, in my opinion, with equal force to the active radicals composing the organized Socialist movement of the United States.

With greatly reduced activities, because our audience is less receptive and less generous than before the war, we organized Socialists have not at all changed our attitude, abated our purpose or suffered any loss of confidence in the ultimate triumph of our cause.

This is true because we are an integral part of a world-wide movement which is grounded in a firm conviction that the goal toward which we are striving is a part of the process of evolution itself. Our movement has made enormous forward strides in almost every civilized country during the last decade of war and reaction. We refuse to become discouraged over a temporary set-back in our own country—our vision is too wide for that.

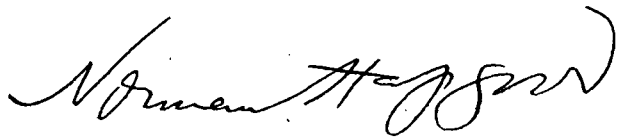
We are where we always were—just as radical, just as confident, just as determined. We were overwhelmed, submerged, to a greater extent than the Socialists of most countries, by the brute forces of capitalist reaction let loose during the infernal slaughter. This condition cannot last in the face of the almost universal advance of the Socialist movement.

Industrial conditions are making it harder and harder for the mass of people to maintain the traditional attitude of defense of the existing economic system. The present political discontent is working toward a more favorable situation for us. We already note a perceptible improvement in our movement.

We have begun not only to repair the damages of the war in our ranks, but to build upon a more solid foundation. In three years we will present the American people with an American Socialist Party greater, stronger, more militant and more aggressive than we have had before.

EUGENE V. DEBS

"The muck-raking in which I took part was an asset in its place and time . . . but one particular medicine is not needed forever."



GRANTED that a certain group of liberals have more or less disintegrated I do not find it possible to become hectic over their lessened prominence. Things happen in history. Wilson executed most of his own program and that of the Bull Moose, which gave us a chance to see how much our cures were worth. The war came along and handed us new problems of considerable magnitude.

The greatest world-problem now is peace. Labor elements and liberal elements in England, France, and Germany are attending to that. The greatest American problem I cannot pick out, because there does not seem to be any. For my part, free speech and free thought interest me more than any other issue and I find an active group of people to work with along those lines, most of these people being pre-war.

The hard difficulty we encountered in the La Follette campaign was lack of an issue. A definite cure was offered for the too much readiness of the Supreme Court to upset certain kinds of legislation, and the cure was probably wrong. At least it is likely that the soundest cure is time and circumstance. An old-fashioned cure for the problem of monopoly was pressed, and convinced almost nobody. The government ownership of railroads was trotted out of the stable but failed to cause excitement.

I went on the stump for La Follette and would do it tomorrow for his son. But it is the spirit I should be supporting, the honesty, the indifference to wealth. With most of the definite conceptions, such as the form of farm relief, the method of curbing trusts, isolationism, I should disagree.

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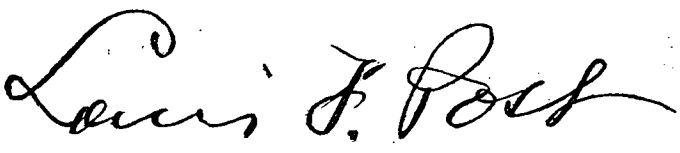
Many of those of whom you are asking the question have found matters about which to remain busy. Eugene Debs has done a noble job, in jail and out. Roger Baldwin never sleeps in his work for old-fashioned Jeffersonian freedom. Victor Berger is in Congress and is trying to have Russia recognized. I do not know that Ray Stannard Baker was ever any better employed than now that he is in large part studying other sources of progress than political ones. Will Irwin gives his life to peace. Lincoln Steffens sticks to some views that the world cares little for, but I am perfectly satisfied to leave some of his years to his baby. The baby is worth it, and so is the wife.

It is true that the United States is happy making money. Labor has higher real wages than ever before. Figures are easy to fight with it but I believe at least skilled labor gets 20 or 25 per cent more than it did in 1913 for the same effort. It is a mechanical age. The muck-raking in which I took part in the years before 1912 was an asset in its place and time, but there is no use crying because our particular medicine is not needed forever. Other jobs approach and they will be seen through by other men.

NORMAN HAPGOOD

"The still small voice never dies down."



WHERE does Howe come out? Where many a social pioneer of the far distant past came out, except that his scaffold is but an echo from Lowell's verse, the fire at his stake only metaphorically hot.

Such climaxes, however, are not conclusions. The still small voice never dies down. The social conflict rises to higher and higher levels. Not by leaps and bounds does the social world progress; but steadily by backward and forward movements like those of the piston that forces the locomotive forward.

Did not Milton pass away in despair of subjecting monarchs to law? In less than half a generation the monarchs of England began to sit upon a law-regulated throne.

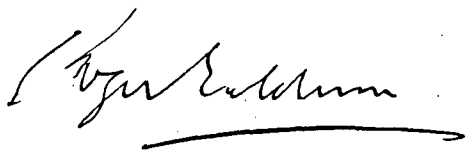
Had not slavocracy conquered American sentiment in the late 1850's as completely as plutocracy has apparently conquered it now? In less than a decade slavocracy became only a deplorable memory in American history.

And our pre-war reformers, have they not succeeded at least in arming American democracy with the Initiative and Referendum? Nor should we overlook our advances toward Proportional Representation.

Howe's "Confessions" testify to his reluctantly acquired but deeply rooted and steadily growing confidence in the fundamental reform advocated by Henry George. He seems to realize that reform means making over, not merely mending, and that the primary need is a firm foundation. He evidently knows that the refom advocated by Henry George is not a substitute for all other reforms, as superficial reformers have lightly inferred, but that it is, as Henry George himself declared, the only foundation on which other social reforms can be secure and effective.

LOUIS F. POST

"Political liberalism is dead. The 'People' as a political party are unorganizable. The only power that works is class power."



THE political radicals Fred Howe talks about were gripped by the romantic notion that "the People could rule." They voiced the old American faith that privileged classes could be controlled by the "Public." As a humble member of the reformers' crew of those hopeful days, I believed it too. Most of us have since been as disillusioned as Howe.

There is no "Public"; the "People" as a political party are unorganizable. Only economic classes can be organized. The only power that works is class power. The "combined manufacturers and bankers of the United States," as Woodrow Wilson put it, is the class that politically controls us. The world has lost faith in parliaments; political democracy is recognized only as a form under which capitalism controls society, just as feudalism controlled it through kings. Political liberalism is dead.

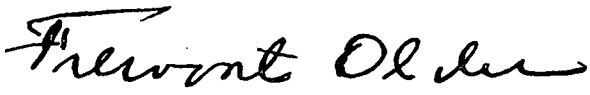
There can be no more reformers of the Tom Johnson, Sam Jones school; no more crusades for the initiative, referendum and other devices for popular control; no more political muck-raking. The pre-war radicals have been put out of business by the industrial autocrats. Political democracy and industrial autocracy can't exist together.

But a new radicalism has taken the place of the old. It is the radicalism of a new class rising to power on the failures of capitalism and on the democratic urge. That class is the organized producers—labor and the farmers. Fred Howe finally identified himself with them. He saw that radicals of today must put their roots into that class, not into a phantom public. Hundreds of others who want to serve their generation, and who ten or twenty years ago would have gone into political reform or social work, now tie up with labor and its allied interests. The pre-war radicals in the working-class still carry on. Recruits from youth constantly add to their number, despite the discouragement of these days of reaction.

The same fine faith and love of their fellow men which marked Fred Howe's friends in the days of political reform find expression in these new working-class movements. Radicalism does not die; its forms change.

ROGER N. BALDWIN

"I thought all that was necessary to bring about a mild millennium was to raise wages."



SOME of them are in jail, some of them with little hope left are still on the job, but more of them have been inoculated by the money madness that has seized America.

In the old pre-war days, say about 1910, I was in the midst of the big job of "saving the world," and had not the slightest doubt it could be done quickly. That was the year Hiram Johnson made his famous campaign for Governor

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of California, fighting all the entrenched political machines and corporation power that had been established for forty years. He swept the state, and the enthusiasm that followed his election further stimulated me in my belief that the millennium was not far off. But a few years later the war came and ended it all.

In those days a large part of my activities were devoted to the labor movement in California. I recall that I then had a feeling that there was a biological difference between the poor man and the rich man, and that somehow the poor were more altruistic, had more compassion and pity for their fellow men than the wealthy. I am not clear, now, where I got that idea, possibly from reading one of Jane Addams' books describing the poor that she came in contact with around Hull House in Chicago. Wherever I got it, it was deep-seated, and I had a profound faith in labor. I thought all that was necessary to bring about a mild millennium was to raise wages. Improved living conditions would give the poor a chance to express these fine qualities that I felt they possessed, and there would be no further difficulty in quickly making the world a finer place to live in.

The high wages came during the war, and what happened? The workers became more conservative. They bought automobiles, lived in better houses, dressed better, and acquired the habits of the well-to-do.

This fact was brought home to me very forcibly when I was making a big effort to establish the innocence of Mooney and Billings in California. Ten out of the twelve most prominent labor leaders in San Francisco were either inactive, uninterested in the Mooney case, or actively opposing the movement to free them.

When the revolution came in Russia everyone knows what happened to labor. Led by Gompers, the American Federation of Labor became more violently hostile to the movement for freedom in Russia than the most reactionary groups among the wealthy.

This condition has persisted ever since. Every election has shown labor voting almost solidly with capital.

It was during those grilling years that I put in trying to establish the innocence of Mooney and Billings that I learned my lesson about human nature and discovered that practically the only difference between the poor classes and the rich classes was that one had money and the other had not.

I have only lost my faith in man, not my pity for him. That is stronger than ever. If there is to be any improvement, it will not be accomplished by labor, as Fred Howe thinks, but by a very slow process of education through the coming centuries. The money standard will outlast any one living today.

FREMONT OLDER

"Five million of them voted for LaFollette in the last election."

I ASSUME, Mr. Howe refers to the leaders of the progressive movement that culminated in the presidential campaign of 1912. Some have gone the way of all flesh; some have been silenced by economic pressure, for men must eat; some of the self-appointed leaders have reverted to type, but the great mass of thinking men and women who realized what it was all about are still in evidence. Five million of them voted for LaFollette in the last election and five million more would have done so had they not been threatened with an economic alternative they were afraid to evoke.

Mr. Howe has fallen into the error of judging an evolutionary social movement by a cross section of his individual experience and the conduct of some of the vocal leaders. It is true that Roosevelt and many of his lieutenants who assumed the leadership of the progressive revolt of 1912 soon foreswore their progressive principles and returned to the flesh pots of the predatory rich. This was to be expected for although Roosevelt incorporated most of the planks of the Socialist party in the progressive platform even to the recall of judges, the initiated and those who furnished the money for his campaign knew that these were but gestures—"springs to catch woodcocks." They knew from experience that however threatening the Rooseveltal fist the blow would never fall upon the heads of the annointed. What is a radical? A radical is a progressive who knows what he wants and believes in the things that he advocates. There were "many progressives" following the banner of Roosevelt in 1912 but a large percent of them were *Wall Street* progressives.

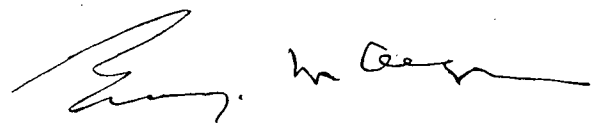
Has the movement become a class struggle? It has always been a class struggle. Every economic struggle is a class struggle. It does not matter whether it has for its base the divinity of kings or the divinity of dollars.

Who will become the leaders of the present liberal movement and where? If I were to hazard a guess I should say that some of them might be found in the present nonpartisan group in congress. But there are already able leaders among the labor forces. This was demonstrated in the campaign of 1922.

I doubt if the liberal forces will attempt the formation of a separate party but rather will work as progressives within the present party organizations, with the view of securing a nonpartisan balance of power in congress that will be able to check the growing arrogance of the executive department and restore the government to the people.

BURTON K. WHEELER

"You cannot have a general lack of interest in politics and public questions and have a particularly vital radicalism."



1—Radicalism tends to flourish more in periods of depression and discontent and a radical leader gets his message as well as his following from such an atmosphere. We are now in a period of wide-spread general prosperity and there is less interest in purely political questions than at any time during the past twenty years. This is evidenced by the failure of an increasingly large part of our population to even vote.

2—The old programs of pre-war radicalism have either resulted in the accomplishment of their purposes, for example, the social justice programs which included workmen's compensation laws and the like, or the public has become more or less convinced that certain purposes on these old programs were either not important or not desirable. A large part of

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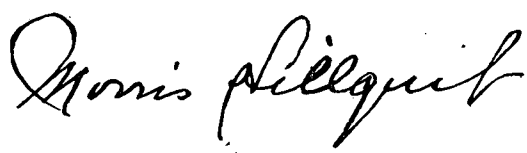
pre-war radicalism dealt with political machinery intended to make the mass power of the uninformed common man apply to problems which he was incompetent to decide. This program is no longer appealing. There is less interest in these so-called democratic methods of deciding public matters than ever before. The old program, for example, for the initiative, referendum and recall has lost practically all the enthusiasm which it originally had back of it. The results, where this program has been tried, have not been sufficiently alluring to keep the continued interest of the people in it.

3—The war has made a complete change in politics and in economics. New political issues have not yet crystalized but old political issues are very much in the discard. So far as pre-war radicals are concerned, many of them have, under the test of the war, lost both public confidence and their political following. Those who were bad Americans during the war, who, even after our entrance upon the war, continued to act rather as representatives of German groups in their own constituencies and who embarrassed the public authorities of the country to the best of their abilities during the war have largely lost their standing except among a very negligible group. Post-war tests applied to some of the pre-war radicals have still further discredited them. We are faced with great international problems and many of the pre-war radicals are showing today a provincialism and parochialism which brings into question their judgment on other matters as well. Witness, for example, the greatest of our provincials Borah, and Hiram Johnson whose public bad manners are only equal to his parochialism.

4—You cannot have a general lack of interest in politics and public questions and have a particularly vital radicalism. Moreover, the terms "radical" and "progressive" have been applied by the press to cover people who are in no sense radicals or progressive and who are simply demagogues, who contribute nothing but wild proposals which receive newspaper consideration only because they are extreme and whose main function is to keep alive a bone-headed conservatism, the so-called 100 per cent American proposition whose early demise will be exceedingly helpful.

GEORGE W. ALGER

"This motley 'radicalism' had neither coherence nor substance, neither program nor material foundation. . . . In the War it proved without conviction and courage."



THE American pre-war radical was a peculiar species, very unlike his European namesake.

The "radicals" of all lands outside the United States are persons of tolerably well defined and homogeneous views and purpose. They are opponents of the prevailing economic order and proponents of a new order rooted in industrial democracy. They may vary in their conceptions of the "co-operative commonwealth" or disagree about the manner of its attainment, but they are in general accord on the need of a radical economic reconstruction. Broadly speaking, they are Socialists of one stripe or another.

The American "radical" is any person who does not conform to the accepted standards in any sphere of thought or conduct, and before the war there was an endless variety of him. Anti-graft crusaders in politics and settlement workers in social endeavor; "muck-rakers" in journalism and anti-fundamentalists in religion; devotees of free love and teachers of birth control; modernists in literature and art; pacifists, feminists and anti-vaccinationists; opponents of lynching and prison reformers; Irish spmpathizers and politicians who had fallen out with the boss; men with flowing ties and pioneers of the female bob; iconoclasts, malcontents, sentimentalists and faddists of all imaginable and unimaginable hues, were equally listed as "radicals" by our discriminating press and enlightened officialdom on a par with the Sacialist, the I. W. W. and the conservative union leader during a strike.

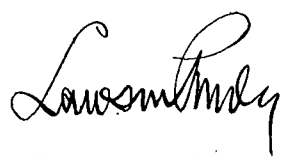
This motley "radicalism" had neither coherence nor substance, neither program nor material foundation. When it was put to the test in the soul-trying period of war, hysteria and terror it also proved itself without conviction and courage. Few of our "radicals" survived. The great majority dissolved into the thin and unsubstantial atmosphere to which they owed their ephemeral existences. *Requiescant in pace.*

"Who succeeds them and where?" Fred Howe, who has put us all under obligation by the delightful account of his tragi-comical odyssey as a pre-war radical, has also indicated the answer. After twenty-five years of honest experimental search of the elusive "social truth," he reached the conclusion that our radicals failed because "they wanted to cure corruption without getting rid of the cause of corruption." He discovered in Paris what was perfectly patent in New York, "that the world was ruled by an exploiting class that ruled in the interests of the things it owned" and that there was but one class of people who could change that order, "the workers—those who produce wealth by hand and brain." The radical world beyond the seas has made that discovery more than a generation ago and the experiences of the war have by no means detracted from its validity.

Future American radicalism, if it is to be anything more than the vague and impotent thing it has been in the past, must find a home in the labor movement, a broad and intelligent labor movement, organized politically as well as economically and inviting the active cooperation of radicals of other classes as does the Labour Party of Great Britain. Such a movement may be slow in coming here, but come it must eventually, and in the meantime the serious-minded radicals will find ample employment for their energies and talents in helping to pave the way for it.

MORRIS HILLQUIT

"I am afraid their successors are not radicals at all."



THE pre-war radicals, such of them as are alive, are still working. I am afraid that their successors are not radicals at all as I would interpret the term. The radicals of my generation believed that a man has a right to do all he wills so long as he does not infringe the equal freedom

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of others. They believed the tariff to be an iniquity. They were not pacificists and they did not believe in making gestures about the outlawry of war but did believe in removing the chief cause of war which is the tariff. Most of them believed in reducing the danger of another cause of war, to wit, armament.

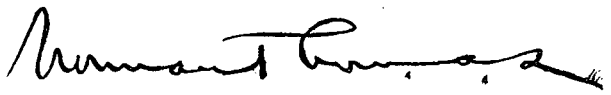
Most of those whom I knew as radicals believed that a man has a right to speak or print his opinions on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right. They did not break up meetings on other people's premises under the false name of freedom of speech. They rarely abused freedom to speak and print by uttering libels as has been too common of late years.

Unfortunately I think the students of history and the physical sciences have laid so much weight on differences in the native ability of man that they have come to an almost universal denial of natural rights except when their own toes have been trodden on and they have been forced to appeal to the conscience of mankind. The old radicals believed in the Declaration of Independence concerning the equality of rights and were not guilty of the assumption that that Declaration meant that all men are the same height or have the same brain power. They had mighty little confidence in the value of statutory restrictions upon men's freedom to bargain as they please. They had immense confidence in the ability of men to work out their own salvation in freedom, and that means freedom from restrictions upon their movements and upon their conduct, and it means, further, economic freedom which involves the abolition of artificial privileges.

The modern radical appears to be willing to impose any kind of restraints upon people and any kind of burdens on them but he does not appear to be willing to take away the privileges they enjoy.

LAWSON PURDY

"The sons and daughters of the Tired Radical have no illusions but one . . . that they can live like Babbitt and think like Mencken."



THE reforming spirit of the pre-war brand led most of its paladins to Versailles. After that debacle of superficial moral zeal, destitute of adequate social intelligence, why should we ask "where are the pre-war reformers or their successors?" The pre-war reformer generally held to a beautiful, romantic and uncritical faith in the wisdom of political democracy and the power of moral sentiments. He saw superficial abuses which he fought vigorously and often successfully; very rarely did he even dimly envisage the inevitability of injustice, poverty and war under our economico-political system. If he was a Socialist—which rarely happened in America—he saw farther into the cause of war and misery but put his faith in certain slogans or formulae which while generally true in themselves are not automatically operative for the saving of the world. In consequence the last seven or eight years have spelled disillusionment. The old reformer has become the Tired Radical and his sons and daughters drink at the fountain of the American Mercury. They have no illusions but one. And that is that they can live like Babbitt and think like Mencken. It will take time for a new crusading zeal to grow up, older and soberer in its expectations, with greater grip on reality, and yet unable to rest so long as there is any hope at all that man who has conquered nature may yet come nearer to conquering the problems of social organization.

It is this generation which rather than a few individuals is most at fault. We have replaced creation with introspection and laugh at the Victorians upon whose stock of ideas we still draw without as yet having added one great new organizing principle or basic concept of our own.

How long this will last, I do not know. Of this I am fairly confident. We shall not see any considerable group of social reformers—new style—unless and until they are accompanied or soon followed by an awakened labor movement. They cannot depend on an undifferentiated democracy or exist merely as voices in the wilderness. From the workers, for obvious social and economic reasons—and not because they are superior clay—must come the solid support for any hopeful economic or political movement. And for the moment the workers in America are "drunk with prosperity," as a labor leader recently put it. (God knows it takes very little to make some people drunk!) I who have lived through many sorts of hopes still have hope in the awakening of labor and in the growth of a keener social insight. I think that our present doubts and disillusionments may be a very useful schooling for this newer radicalism. But merely to doubt is not enough. We can spare the sentimentalism of the older reformers, but we must have more, not less, of a wiser and truer idealism.

NORMAN THOMAS

"The Uplift as a religion is comatose if not completely ossified . . . but it left its enduring mark on the mores."

THEM was the days! When the muckrakers were best sellers, when trust busters were swinging their lariats over every state capitol, when "priviledge" shook in its shoes, when God was behind the initiative, the referendum and the recall—and the devil shrieked when he saw the short ballot, when the Masses was at the height of its glory, and Utopia was just around the corner.

. . . . Now look at the damned thing. You could put the avowed Socialists into a roomy new house, the muckrakers have joined the breadlines, Mr. Coolidge is compared favorably to Lincoln, the short ballot is as defunct as Mah Jong, Mr. Eastman writes triolets in France, Mr. Steffens has bought him a castle in Italy, and Mr. Howe digs turnips in Nantucket.

Shall we lay a wreath on the Uplift Movement in America? I suppose we might as well. For the Uplift as a crusading spirit, as a dedication, as a religion, is comatose if not completely ossified—strangled both by the war and its own ineptitude. It was inept because its moral judgments took the place of sound analysis. It dealt in blacks and whites; it deified a muzzy and mystical conception of democracy, and found horns underneath every plug hat; it was too logical and not sufficiently psychological; it was cursed with political-mindedness.

But it was a gallant spiritual adventure, and before its

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chieftains and its martyrs we stand at the salute. Furthermore, it has left its enduring mark on the mores—even under the cold douches of Cooligism, even under the holy wheel of rotary. It shovelled the classicists of American art and letters into the dust bin—where they have since happily remained. Wall Street dodged the brickbats, only to have Longfellow and Lowell and Howells mowed down behind it.

Though the main purposes for which Mr. Howe dedicated his life are perhaps no nearer fruition, certain sparks which he flung in the byways have grown into raging conflagrations. The novel, the theater, architecture, decoration, poetry, the form of the essay, sex, the family, religion, history, even clothes, have been modified and liberated since Tom Johnson and the "interests" wrestled naked in the public streets of Cleveland.

But it was economics which the Uplifters cared about most, and it is precisely in the economic field that their effect has been the slightest. Why? Because they did not understand either their goals or the technique for achieving them. They fought valiantly—but in a circle. They were too moral, they were too sure. They knew little about the realities of production and distribution, and nothing about the springs of human behavior. They had no science to give body to their emotions—and today nothing remains but a cloud of steam, somewhere in the upper atmosphere.

To that cloud, I did from 1912 to 1920 contribute my quota. I went through the Uplift from settlement house to socialist party. But before Nantucket claims me, I want to take Wall Street to pieces the way Jacques Loeb took a starfish, I want to find out what makes men act the way they do. I want to grow ever more radical by getting ever nearer the roots.

STUART CHASE

"The more advantages secured, the harder it is to rouse the public to see the need of anything further."

Charlotte Perkins Gilman

OF the radicals I knew some have remained fixed, as the Single Taxers, still satisfied with their theory but perhaps more tired; some have plunged from Socialism to Communism—a long leap, or from Pacifism to Bolshevism—a longer one; some are sufficiently occupied with Birth Control; others wallow in Freudian Psycho-analysis, which has the combined advantages of wide popular appeal in its subject matter, an imposing technology, and profitable use as a business.

There are many who are discouraged by the war and its effects, who feel that social advance is hopelessly checked, at least for the present, and who have taken refuge in a more personal philosophy. There is something very soothing in the vast reaches of New, or even Old, Thought; wherein we may wander alone and reach prodigious heights of attainment which, even if we can not prove, at least no one else can disprove.

The group I know the best, Socialists but not Marxians, who see in Socialism a gradually introduced change in business methods working for the good of the whole community, recognize but too clearly how this normal advance is delayed by the Bolshevist performance, and hold their fire for the present.

Some have attained what they worked for, as the Prohibitionists and Equal Suffragists, and if they had no further purposes they are quiet; though hardly contented with the results. The more advantages secured the harder it is to rouse the public to see the need of anything further. Neither does the exercise of power attained give any assurance that "Labor" *per se* is any wiser or more disinterested than "Capital."

For myself there is a definite relief in being free from the work demanded by the various "causes" now won or temporarily in abeyance, and able at last to write and lecture on my own lines of social philosophy. To the average mind a Socialist or a Suffragist can be nothing else, talk of nothing else. But now, when the ballot does not free woman from economic dependence, and when economic independence can not be maintained by the wife and mother until her household labor is professionalized, that immense structural and functional change in our economic base, the home, begins to loom large before us.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

"New men and women in ever increasing numbers will lift up their eyes to the light."

Basil M. Manly

THE flowers of last spring have withered and passed away, and the radicals of ten years ago have for the most part gone to seed. Only a few hardy perennials remain.

But fear not. Since the dawn of creation each spring has brought new crops of wild flowers—and weeds. So likewise the years will in due course bring forth anew, as from the dawn of History, new men and women in ever increasing numbers who will lift up their eyes to the light and devote at least the spring time of their lives to making this a happier and more beautiful world.

BASIL M. MANLY

"We have discovered that America is no longer, probably never was, the country that we loved."

John Haynes Holmes

"THIS movement that promised so much twenty years ago" has collapsed and its leaders are gone for two reasons:

(1) We have discovered that America is no longer, probably never was, the country that we loved. The liberals of the last generation believed passionately in America as a country unique among the nations of the earth. It was a democracy—its government belonged to the people—its shores were a refuge for the oppressed—its destiny was to be the fulfillment of the social visions of the ages. Here humanity was at last to find itself! If the liberals hated and fought the municipal corruptionists, the monopolists, the bankers, it was because these were despoilers of the dream. Then came the War—and America was seen to be just like every other country! The America we loved was gone, and in its place was just one more cruel imperialism.

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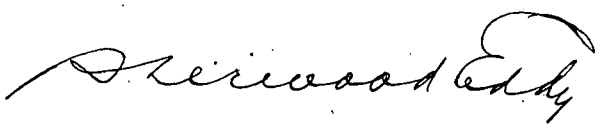
This discovery ended a movement which had for its purpose the protection and vindication of an ideal America.

(2) Closely related to the above is the present dispersion of interest over the wider area of the world. Idealism is not dead. It is still with us, only it fixes its attention now upon the British Labour Party, upon the League of Nations, upon Soviet Russia, upon Gandhi and India. America is temporarily abandoned as the last triumphant stronghold of capitalistic imperialism, while we feed our hopes and advance our cause in these far-flung fields across the seas. And this is well—for the hope of the world today is not to be found in any one nation and people anywhere but in all nations and peoples everywhere. America is in for a long period of reaction; victories for the future must now be won elsewhere. But America will follow where we once hoped that she would lead, and thus find her place at last in the commonwealth of man.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

"There is a militant minority rising in college after college."



ARE there not signs of a new leadership and of younger liberals and radicals?

Take the question of international relations and war. May not the decade following 1918 break the back of the prevailing war system of the world, just as a single decade saw the great battle won against slavery, by the creation of a new public opinion? The work of Professor Shotwell and his colleagues did not, at the moment, succeed in the protocol at Geneva, but it marked a milestone in advance. The Locarno Treaties are deeply significant. As in no other country in the world the churches of America have taken a strong stand against war. The leaders of the Federal Council of Churches, representing 120,000 congregations that are being increasingly united, are furnishing a new moral leadership in this realm. Hundreds of leaders have come forward passionately devoted and dedicated to the cause of peace. Many of these men were unknown before the war. Many of them go much farther than the old liberals. War is challenged as it never was in their day.

In the colleges, the challenge can no longer be made, as at the Indianapolis student convention of a year ago, "Why have we no real youth movement in America? Why is there no widespread, passionate demand for a new social order? Why is there so little interest, thought and discussion concerning these industrial, racial and international problems with which the youth of other lands are so deeply concerned?"

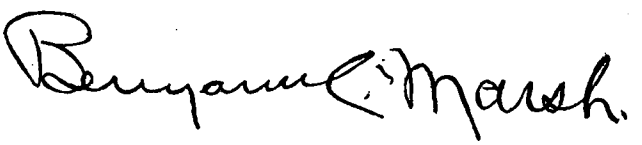
In fifty regional conferences recently held for the college students of North America and in the recent national conference at Princeton, American students showed a greater interest in international affairs, greater intelligence and initiative than they have ever manifested concerning anything. Although our students frankly are not leading the world, either in thought or in moral courage, there is at least the dawn of a youth movement. There is a militant minority rising in college after college.

Space forbids an honor roll that could be named of a new leadership, both liberal and radical, for whom we need not apologize to the old liberals whose passing Mr. Howe deplores. The men in the Civil Liberties Union, in the League for Industrial Democracy, in the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Fellowship of Youth for Peace will stand beside their peers in any land.

These are not signs for an easy optimism, but at least they afford no ground for pessimism. It is no time to retire from the battle. The desperate need of our country offers larger opportunity than peaceful farming or the solace of personal meditation.

SHERWOOD EDDY

"The real radicals are not exterminated or dead. They are working as hard as ever and there are more of them than ever."



AFTER reading the list of alleged radicals Fred Howe mentions, I am constrained to wonder what his acid test of a "radical" really is. To my mind few of them would qualify. If they were really radicals they still are, for of a radical it must be said "Which having been must ever be." My old Professor Patten somewhere remarked or wrote "Faith is unimpeded tendency to activity." Mere indulgence in the "bizarre" to achieve one's desire for lucrative capitalization of his idiosyncracies does not constitute a "radical." Far from it. Most "radicals" cannot survive prosperity. I wonder if that means most of us are inordinately anxious to get into the class we denounce?

Seriously, real radicalism is based upon a profound conviction of injustice, and a determination to devote one's life to ending it. Making a living during this operation is of course necessary, but not the living of a sybarite.

The real radicals are not exterminated nor dead. They are working as hard as ever and there are more of them than ever. I have met or learned of scores of them from coast to coast. They are not headliners but stickers, and their wives too generally.

There was a man out in Washington who went into a cooperative enterprise. He believed in it and made money for the wage earners who owned the mill and they unfortunately forgot what he had done for them and dropped him leaving him in the financial lurch although they had made money, but he still believed in—and is working at—progressive measures because he believes in them.

There is a farmer up in North Dakota. He mortgaged his farm to the hilt to get the Non-Partisan League started and going, and when they went insolvent financially, he went completely broke but he still is progressive and working as hard as ever for the things he really believes in.

I don't even remember the names of all the men and women I have met all over the country doing splendid progressive work because of their real convictions and having hard times to make both ends meet but never wavering or faltering. There are more radicals and they are more intelligent, not only as to their principles but as to their methods, than ever before and they know that time and present injustices are working in their favor.

BENJAMIN C. MARSH

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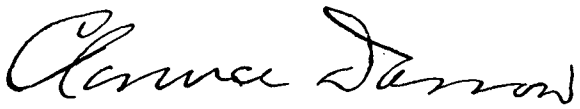
"When nations begin mobilizing they start with the liars."



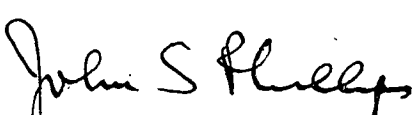
I HAVE no doubt but what the world war is largely responsible for the reactionary tendency of the day. This is a condition that has followed all great wars. To engage in such a contest requires a cultivation of intense patriotism. When nations begin mobilizing, they start with the liars. They write about their enemies and they write about themselves. Everything is good at home and bad with their enemies. Some fairly intelligent people do not know any better than to believe it. I believed part of it myself, but am gradually getting over it. After the war, the spirit of super-patriotism remains. This is easily used to the advantage of the strong. Religious superstitions likewise grow; the leaders have a positive doctrine which involves unlimited promises. Then too, people are generally prosperous, or seem to be, during a great war. All the slack is taken up. Every man is busy. Production is great. Wages and commodities are high. Every one likes it until they wake up, which is several years after.

Following the War of the Rebellion, it was eight years before the people began to realize that somebody had to pay.

One must always remember that human beings do not reason—enough to hurt. They live from their emotions and so far as they do reason, this is controlled by their emotions. They are patriotic when they are getting plenty to eat and begin to grumble when times are hard. The grumbling will come later—not very much later; and after that, again will come bragging, blustering and one hundred per cent patriotism, and so on—world without end.

CLARENCE DARROW

"Revolution is an impossible solution for social and human ills."



WHAT has become of the pre-war radicals? Some like Fred Howe and possibly *pater filii* Lincoln Steffens, are finding solace in relations nearer and more responsive than the Heart of the Crowd. Some have been modified by money or natural ambitions, or discovered more satisfying outlet for their sporting disposition in the lusty combats of the worldly arena. Others have fallen by the wayside through love or marriage which, with its deeper disciplines, whether of success or failure, is a relation likely to affect the practical reality of uninformed idealism.

But the pre-war radicals are not all gone any more than the pre-war Scotch—though both are much diminished. In meager chorus some are yet singing, in quavering voices, the same old tunes still sweet to them, and, unhappily, an unnoticed droning to the elders and a discord to the young.

Radicals have always been changing or deserting the ranks. They have the same inconstant blood as others. Their habit of mind does not lead to notable fidelity in human relations. So long as they remain radical in the revolutionary sense, they are likely to feel above the world and its conventions—even its moral conventions.

Personal experience with the world and people, and the revolving years with their matured wisdom convince them, as they do other less ardent spirits, that revolution is an impossible solution for social and human ills. They see that to many ears their righteous criticisms sound like a refusal to accept the poor fallible, struggling, human world. There is a possibility that the crowd's judgment is the true one. The childish race is always in need of encouragement, learning more from inspiring examples than from the elucidation of evil.

The radical may have gone because he has become wiser, more tempered, less intolerant and more hopeful of individual salvation than of mass conversion He must see that it is a process as slow as the operation of nature in the physical world. This very day it is announced that relics of man have been discovered which carry human history back fifty thousand years. It is a long way we have traveled; we have a long road before us; and we are terribly short-sighted.

Speaking personally, I was never a "radical"—a liberal rather. I had no formula or stone carved social or political creed—besides I was a journalist. It is his trade, as editor or writer, to respond to the larger impulses and interests of the public. If he is high-minded, he takes those of good direction and helps crystallize them. He dramatizes people and activities so that his reports may be useful and stimulating to other men and communities in like circumstances. One of his functions also is to liberate expression. McClure's Magazine, in our halcyon days, by its articles encouraged newspaper editors who, seeing the response to our work, spoke more boldly. Most journals only express public opinion—seldom lead it; they foster, but rarely create it. If a trend of aroused opinion changes or the interest dies down, all the shouts of journalism cannot blow its smoldering coals into flame again; a more favorable time must be awaited and the fire started over again.

We are a fickle folk in convictions and unreliable in intellectual processes. The interest in the progressive (or radical) movement died down so far that Theodore Roosevelt, a master of political acumen, who had moved upward in the light of it, perceived the change and dared to put the black spot on its journalistic exponents by the word "muck raker." Speaking from the editor's point of view, this did more to hurry its waning course than any other one thing.

We emerged into a new time. Prosperity abounded. Even Kansas, the typical laboratory of political experiment, became a profitable farm factory; the machine applied to its soil with new intelligence made it rich. The discontented found that work and a little sense removed personal reasons for discontent. Victor Murdock told me then that the old political ideas and phrases did not hold audiences any more.

New generations appear, with other aspects and other vocabularies made by shifting events and circumstances. Out of the present materialism, penetrating and impregnating all classes in these days of wide spread luxuries and indulgences, will arise other active liberals—radicals if you prefer the word. Their power will come from a new sense of need in people. I have an idea that this will be born of spiritual hunger rather than material deprivation. Man cannot live by automobiles and bathrooms alone. What form this spiritual awakening will take, who will be the leaders—I cannot say.

JOHN S. PHILLIPS

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That Clinical Year

By RICHARD C. CABOT M. D.

In the December Survey Graphic Dr. Cabot made a plea for "a clinical year in the course of theological study." In the January issue a group of physicians, ministers, teachers and others commented on the suggestion. Here Dr. Cabot comments in turn upon his commentators.

WITH almost all that has been suggested in comment on my article I am in hearty sympathy. If in addition to and within the experiences of the "clinical year" of theological study the student can be given training in social casework, in probation work, in the placing out of children, in the problems and practice of recreation, of factory work, of department store work, in jails and prisons; if he can get into close touch with labor problems, with the environments that tend to produce tuberculosis and with the other serious defects in our social order, why so much the better minister will he be. Personally I have found that I needed to know *something* about all these matters in order to practise medicine and I should think that *sooner or later* most ministers would need such knowledge too. But I hesitate to suggest the introduction of all these subjects into the short years of the theological course. Must we not look to post graduate study to cover some of these branches?

Moreover some of the more important of these problems such as labor, recreation, tuberculosis, child welfare have already powerful agencies, funds and experts engaged upon them. But the individual suffering of the lonely, the unbalanced, the aged, the institutionalized and especially the religious ministration to these unfortunate people—for this there are not great agencies and wise experts already and publicly pledged. And if the clergy do find time to be trained for dealing with social case work, with labor problems and with health problems like tuberculosis I hope they will not become so soaked in the layman's habits of thought and action that the specific work of religion gets forgotten. There is a religious (and not merely a benevolent, a public spirited or a scientific) way to do social case work, to face a labor problem or chronic infectious disease. I have seen clergymen who seemed to take pride in so merging themselves in these tasks that no one could discover their profession at all.

Mr. Klein and Mr. Muste believe that theological students should have a thorough course in modern psychology including psychoanalysis. To this I agree provided that the students and their teachers are sufficiently alert mentally and sufficiently sceptical to distinguish and reject the great mass of guess work, prejudice, unfounded assertion and dogma that now overshadow what is written, read and taught under the title of "psychology," falsely usurping the sacred name of science. It is well to be in touch with anything so widely fashionable as "modern psychology," so long as one does not take it all seriously or believe any of it on authority. For if there is anyone in the modern world who ought to help free a man from "the degrading slavery of being a child of his age" it is the minister of religion.

When "scientific knowledge" or special skill is called for to treat insidiously difficult ailments in the hospital, the almshouse or the prison, the inexperienced theological student and his experienced teacher should alike be warned off by those in charge of the institution. This I tried in my first article to make clear. But the wisest psychologists and psychiatrists that I have known have been the most emphatic in their desire to assert that their subject had not yet reached the plane of science. Most of medicine has assuredly not reached it.

With Dr. White's belief that the physician should care for more than the body of his patient I am in hearty agreement. The physician ought to care for the whole man. But everyone knows that in fact he usually does not even attempt to do so. In the thirty years that I have been in contact with medical men I have seen no considerable progress away from the bad habit (steadily though unconsciously instilled into him by his teacher's behavior) of ignoring the patient's mind, emotions, interests and endeavors most of the time. We cannot wait for the physicians to reform. So we install social service workers, occupational aides and hospital librarians who work in the wards. All this is bad for the development of the physician as Dr. White so truly says. But it is good for the patients and said patients are still more numerous than physicians and their interest should be preferred when—as in the present case—the two conflict. All hospital social work is bad for the rounded development of the hospital physician, but I am glad to believe nevertheless that hospital social work has come to stay, and glad to hope that the clergyman and his pupils will soon come to supplement on the spiritual side the labors of the social workers, though this too will further narrow the opportunities of the doctor to stretch the mental and spiritual boundaries that now limit him.

As to the abuses that exist in all the great institutions, medical and non-medical, that I have ever known intimately, Dr. White will find that Dr. Goodale and Mr. Johnson (among those who with Dr. White have commented on my article) are just as aware that abuses exist as I am because they have seen the institutions to which I refer from the inside (as I have) and not as Dr. White prefers to believe from the outside only.

I never said, as Dr. White seems to suppose, that the work of the psychiatrist in an institution for mental diseases was "hard, monotonous, thankless and discouraging." I said that the work of *attendants* in such institutions had these drawbacks. I said this because many such attendants have told me so and because I have watched them at work. If Dr. White is familiar with the work of attendants in public institutions for those whom he prefers not to call the insane he knows that what I say is true.

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EDITORIALS

AGAIN a mine disaster due to a coal dust explosion—this time at Wilburton, Oklahoma, January 13, and this time killing 91 men. The incident underscores in red the question, when are the states going to meet their responsibility for mine safety?

Legislation to require the rock dusting of mines to prevent coal dust explosions was urged upon the Oklahoma legislature of 1925 by the American Association for Labor Legislation in the course of its nationwide campaign. Within less than twelve months, comes the needless killing of nearly a hundred miners as a reminder to the Oklahoma law makers of the tragic consequences of their failure to act.

It has been amply demonstrated that coal dust explosions need not happen. They can be effectively prevented by spraying the underground mine workings with rock dust. The resulting mixture of coal dust and rock dust is non-explosive. This safety measure costs less than one cent a ton of coal mined. It has recently been endorsed by the American Engineering Standards Committee. It has the approval of the United States Bureau of Mines and the Mine Inspectors' Institute of America, as well as of the miners and progressive coal operators. Within the past three years more than a hundred substantial coal companies have installed the rock dust safeguard and four states have enacted laws providing for its use to prevent coal dust explosions. The urgent need is to make the practice universal. There are, however, twenty-one bituminous-producing states that have not yet acted.

In the past two years twenty "major" mine disasters due to coal dust explosions have taken the lives of 708 men. Most of the states in which the coal dust hazard exists had an opportunity a year ago to enact rock dusting laws. In view of local prejudice against the extension of federal activity and the almost exclusive jurisdiction of the states over mine safety, the legislators in bituminous states cannot escape responsibility for further loss of life in these ever-recurring industrial tragedies.

That responsibility is shared by the citizens of those states, by Survey readers therein. The responsibility is an active one this winter in Kentucky and Virginia, two important bituminous producing states—states whose legislatures are in session. Write now.

"BOTH sides are stubborn as hell. Force of public opinion through the press will, I hope, force a change of attitude." This was the terse comment of Alvin Markle, anthracite coal operator of Hazleton, Pennsylvania, when on January 13 the conference of anthracite operators and miners, over which he had presided as chairman for three weeks, adjourned without having made any progress toward a settlement of the strike. Both sides have proved themselves not only stubborn but shockingly lacking in an adequate sense of responsibility not only to the public but to the great industry for whose conduct they are jointly responsible.

The deadlock, which has persisted since August 9, when the two sides first announced their inability to agree on a contract, reveals a distressingly unhealthy state of mind on the part of each group toward the other. It seems incredible that men who have been in direct working relationship with one another for more than twenty years should so completely distrust one another that they are unable to find even a point of agreement from which to proceed to an adjustment of the issues in dispute between them. One recalls the statement of the United States Coal Commission that "the fundamental fact in the anthracite problem is that the limited and exhaustible natural deposits of this coal have been in the absolute private possession of their legal owners, to be developed or withheld from development at will. . . ."

Because of their absolute control of their properties and their insistence upon their exclusive right to the management of the working force, the burden of proof that they are not primarily responsible for the state of mutual suspicion and distrust would seem to rest upon the operators. But the miners are no longer the under dogs in the industry. In spite of the tradition to the contrary, they exercise a very important influence upon the state of mind not only of the miners but also of the operators. Many friends of the miners have continued to hope that Mr. Lewis and his associates would set an example by demonstrating their superior sense of responsibility for the industry as an actual, if not a legal, public service. But Mr. Lewis has seemed to prefer the attainment of a reputation as "the greatest direct actionist in the American labor movement" rather than a reputation for farsighted industrial statesmanship.

In a letter to Henry R. Seager, one of the signers of a proposal toward the settlement of the strike drafted by a group of some forty economists and engineers (The Survey, Jan. 1, 1926), Mr. Lewis correctly says that "one of the underlying and fundamental reasons for the continuous unrest and periodical suspensions in the anthracite industry is the almost complete destruction of confidence and mutual cooperation between the anthracite coal companies and the mine workers." He then goes on to say that the miners have frequently sought, but have never been given an opportunity, "to present or have considered constructive suggestions to improve the technique or facilitate the disposal of the practical problems of the industry."

No doubt the operators have been resistent to the occasional efforts of the miners to trespass upon their traditional

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jurisdiction. But the same thing has been true in other industries. If the miners were of a mind to take the initiative in improving the technique of the industry and more especially in modernizing the technique of industrial relations, it is probable that they might have contributed much more than they have to the development of that confidence and mutual cooperation the lack of which Mr. Lewis deplores.

The time has now come when great organizations of labor like the United Mine Workers of America, if they are to enhance or even retain their public prestige and usefulness, must demonstrate their capacity to do something more than fight strikes heroically. The public will not indefinitely place the entire blame for such disgraceful breakdowns of great and essential industries as that which has occurred in anthracite upon the operators alone; the responsibility rests in only slightly less degree upon the miners and their executive officers. Direct action is not enough; it needs to be supplemented by a constructive industrial policy on the side of the workers as well as that of the operators.

POLITICAL leaders and the press of all shades of opinion in Great Britain are impressively in agreement that the widows, orphans and old age pensions act which went into effect January 4 is "a landmark in the history of social legislation." Certainly it demonstrates that the principle of social insurance legislation has become firmly accepted by the country which has tried it out on the greatest scale and under conditions that put it to most severe tests.

The new act not only extends old age pensions to include widows and orphans but also goes far toward unifying all forms of social insurance into one vast plan for protecting workers of both sexes against the ravages of unemployment, sickness, old age and death. The additional benefits were grafted on the existing health insurance law. For administrative reasons, the unemployment insurance system (in addition to workmen's accident compensation) was left as a separate entity. This extension and coordination of the various measures of social insurance adopted in the past dozen years by Parliament is the outcome of a movement furthered by both Labor and Conservative governments.

In Great Britain this latest measure of social insurance is compulsory and contributory. The cost is borne jointly by employers, employes and the state. Under the new act the weekly contribution of 18 cents for male workers and 9 cents for women is about equally divided between employer and employe. These contributions are in addition to a similar amount payable under the existing health insurance act. The widow of an insured man is entitled to 10 shillings a week until the age of 70 when she becomes entitled to the ordinary old age pension. The eldest child of a widow receives 5 shillings weekly and each other child 3 shillings until 14 years of age. Orphans are paid 7 shillings a week. If the child is at school the age limit is extended to 16. The widows and orphans section of the act alone affects 10,445,000 men and 4,645,000 women. Social insurance legislation as a whole, it is estimated, now covers 70 per cent of the entire population of the United Kingdom.

Commenting on "the vast scheme of popular insurance" which the new legislation in Great Britain has augmented, the New York Times remarks that "its contribution to social stability can hardly be overestimated." The Times points out that insurance benefits are not "doles" since the workers themselves contribute to the funds, and concludes: "With characteristic disregard for slogans and formulas, and with characteristic regard for hard fact, Parliament has not permitted fears of 'socialization' and 'demoralization' to stand in the way of attacking a real problem."

What Great Britain has done will doubtless impress other industrial countries, including our own. In the United States social insurance legislation has thus far developed mainly in the field of compensation for industrial accidents. Beginnings, however, have been made in similarly meeting other hazards that beset the wage-earners. Mothers' pension laws, the principle of which Great Britain has now incorporated into her own system, are in effect in forty states and two territories and old age pension legislation, based on the same principle, has in the past three years been adopted by four states. Unemployment compensation has reached the stage of voluntary experiment in industries and of legislative consideration with strong, representative support.

CONTRACT or group practice of medicine has long been taboo in the medical profession and even today is looked upon with official disfavor in this country. It therefore is doubly interesting, in view of the extension of the insurance acts in Great Britain, to consult the "memorandum of evidence" which the British Medical Association presented some months ago to the Royal Commission on National Health Insurance. This association numbers some 19,000 members. The evidence which it laid before the Commission was discussed first by its representative executive body, then sent in draft to the divisions, which called local meetings of the medical profession, members and non-members, and incorporated their criticisms and suggestions in the final form, thus giving the British practitioners of medicine every opportunity to be accurately represented in the finding.

If a country has only a limited amount of money to put into national health, the Association declared at the outset, a national health insurance scheme is not necessarily, or even probably, the best means of utilizing it. There are a number of other lines of action in which, severally or collectively, a corresponding expenditure would probably give a more satisfactory return. These are proper housing; town-planning, with the proper provision of open spaces and recreation facilities; smoke abatement; a pure milk supply; "public house reform" and the regulation of the sale of alcoholic beverages; the destruction of vermin; education; aid to medical research.

If however, resources are sufficient, or if for other reasons it is considered desirable to organize a national health insurance scheme, a second general consideration becomes of leading importance—namely, that its chief emphasis should be on the maintenance of health and the prevention of

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disease, rather than upon the care of illness. To this end it is considered imperative that the attention of physicians be directed constantly toward the preventive aspects of their work, and that existing health machinery and particularly the medical officers of health be brought into close and organic connection with the insurance scheme.

Starting from these two general premises, the report proceeded to examine the working of the act which had been established some twelve years earlier, and which, at the time of their study, had provided according to a scheme previously untried medical attendance for some 14,000,000 persons in their homes. Their conclusion was that whole classes of persons had thus been given medical attention which previously they had not been able to obtain at all; that the number of physicians in proportion to the population in densely populated areas had increased; that the amount and character of medical service was superior to that formerly given by even the best of the old "clubs" or benefit associations, and immensely superior to that given by the great majority of them; that illness is coming under skilled observation and treatment at a much earlier stage than formerly was the case; that the work of the physician has tended more definitely toward prevention; that better clinical records have become available; and that there is an increasing spirit of cooperation within the medical profession and a more marked recognition of its collective responsibility to the community in health matters.

"All these," declares the memorandum, "are immense gains, and though it is possible that some of them may not be wholly due to the establishment of the National Health Insurance scheme, they have certainly been hastened and intensified by that system."

On the other hand this very success has led to a strain on the resources of the medical profession which it is hard to sustain at certain seasons of the year and in times of epidemic. No such gigantic undertaking is without vexing problems of red tape and administration. The association feels strongly that the aim should be to simplify the detail and make the services of the medical profession as easily available to the community as possible. In doing this there should be constant emphasis on the principles which it believes essential to any such national scheme of health insurance:

> That medical provision should be available only for those persons who could not obtain it without the help of the insurance scheme, and that for them it should be as complete as possible; that conditions under which it is given to the individual should approximate as closely as possible those of private practice; that medical representatives should be closely associated with the administration of the scheme; that judgment as to questions of purely professional conduct and treatment should be in the hands of purely professional bodies; and that remuneration should be commensurate with that obtainable in comparable private practice to ensure the continuous supply of the best type of practitioner.

OBSERVERS of rural affairs are beginning to give attention to the gradual disappearance of the country bank. Numerous smaller banks in the West and Northwest whose business consisted largely of farm credits in one form or another have, of course, failed during the past five years; this is understandable as a part of the general deflation movement which gave agriculture as a whole so severe a blow. But what observers seem to see in addition is a slow but steady process of absorption of small country banks by larger city institutions. This, if it is in any measure a nation-wide tendency, is an important trend in finance.

The small bank as a local institution and under local control held an important place in the affairs of rural communities. It was more than a money exchange. Its social utility reached down into the roots of our initial democratic aspirations. True, it often failed to function in response to deserved needs; it was on the whole a very conservative institution but it belonged to the people who used it. As the source of credit, with the shift of control to city banks, recedes farther and farther away from the farmer, he becomes in turn more and more dependent upon the wills of people with whom he can have no intimate acquaintance. We have already learned some of the evils which result from absentee ownership in industry, but our wisdom appears ineffective: the relentless process of depersonalizing production continues. In the case of the country bank, we have also an illustration of the pervading process of centralization which bids fair to sacrifice democracy for efficiency. And it should be remembered that economic power rests ultimately in the hands of those who control credits.

"HEY, youze, where's your ticket?"

"Ain't got no ticket. I'm an American citizen, I am."

"Aw, where d'yer git that stuff? Prove it."

And then what? How would you prove citizenship if so accosted? Must we all carry birth certificates? Or finger prints?

That is the sort of colloquy which, if the alien registration bill before Congress becomes law, may be expected by any American wayfarer who does not carry in his face and bearing such patent evidences of Nordic origin as to be immune from the suspicions even of an irritated cop. The Aswell bill (H. R. 5583) would require every alien of sixteen years or over to carry evidence of identity in the form of an official registration card, and would not only impose heavy penalties for the failure to register yearly (with the payment of ten dollars the first time and five dollars each year thereafter) but would punish also the alien who fails to inform his local post-office of a change in residence from one district to another, or of a change of name, by marriage or otherwise, or of any material change in his physical appearance!

Registration of aliens is a measure often recommended by the secretary of labor, who refers to it, in his latest annual report, as an effective remedy for the evil of illegal entry by smuggling. But he does not make it clear how the alien who has no right to be here, and knows it, is to be forced to walk up to the nearest post-office and declare himself, or how in default of such unexampled courtesy on his part he is to be distinguished from the citizen of many years' or many generations' standing. What is clear is that some

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seven million men and women, most of them well-intentioned and law-abiding, are to be forcibly submitted to an annoying and costly application of red tape which will facilitate espionage and petty oppression. After which the funds so secured are perhaps to be used to educate the same men and women! Chivvying the alien as a process of Americanization has never yet worked; as Governor Smith said in a message to a large protest meeting in New York called by half-a-dozen agencies interested in fair play and genuine assimilation for the immigrant:

> To subject the alien to a sample of the kind of government which drove him here is a poor way of making him appreciate American institutions.

Similar in spirit are two bills also before the House of Representatives, reembodying provisions already passed by the last House, which facilitate the deportation of aliens found "undesirable." These bills (H. R. 344 and 3774) also lay on the immigrant the burden of proving that he is law-abiding and so entitled to remain in the country of his choice. Under existing laws deportation may take place within five years of the alien's entry, for an offense involving moral turpitude. The new bill would remove the time limit entirely and, retroactively in some cases, make the alien subject to deportation at any time without court review, the commissioner of immigration having final jurisdiction. Conviction of any offense for which a prison term of a year or more is imposed is one of the conditions, but the list of those deportable also includes "an alien who is a public charge from causes *not affirmatively shown* to have arisen subsequent to entry into the United States," and "an alien who has, after the enactment of the Deportation Act of 1926, violated or conspired to violate, *whether or not convicted of such violation or conspiracy*," the white slave traffic or opium laws. The italics are ours: their import is plain. The burden of proof is on the alien, and that burden must be carried to the satisfaction not of a jury of his peers but of an appointive immigration official.

On the credit side of the budget of legislation which the present Congress is considering must be set down the proposals embodied in the Wadsworth-Perlman bills to permit naturalized citizens and declarants to bring their families to this country. These bills would admit outside the quotas the husbands, wives, parents, and unmarried children under 21 of foreign-born citizens or of aliens who came before the new quota law went into effect and have indicated their intention of becoming citizens. The existing quotas are so small that without such a modification of the law there is little or no hope that families can be reunited: the bills should pass, and the indications from Washington are that they will.

LEGISLATION which will prevent strikes instead of creating elaborate machinery for their settlement has become the conscious aim of both railroad executives and railway organized labor, and it is believed by both groups that a long step toward the realization of this ideal has been taken in the joint formulation of a measure which abolishes the Railway Labor Board and provides for the settlement of differences of all kinds by and within the industry itself.

The Railway Labor Board, created in 1920 by the Esch-Cummings Act under which the railroads were turned back to private ownership after the war, is composed of three representatives of the management, three representatives of the employes and three representatives of the public. From the beginning, it has functioned with a good deal of friction within its own membership and in its contacts with the industry. This has been partly due to its anamalous position as a court authorized to "decide" cases, but without power to make its decisions effective. It is also due to the dissatisfaction of the insurgent element within the railway brotherhoods, who have continuously and noisily insisted that the members of the Labor Board were "hand-picked" and represented only the conservative viewpoint both of the public and of organized labor in regard to the questions brought before it.

Under the proposed bill, management and labor, through representatives of their own choosing, shall confer on problems of railroading, and through such conferences enter into collective agreements concerning wages and working conditions, and also adjust differences of all kinds as they arise. A duty is imposed on both parties "to exert every reasonable effort to make and to maintain agreements concerning rates of pay, rules and working conditions."

If a dispute cannot be disposed of to the satisfaction of the parties in a conference, the Act imposes the duty to refer such disputes to the appropriate board of adjustment. There are four of these boards, appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate, from lists of names presented by the carriers and the unions. The boards are divided, roughly, to deal with matters concerning train service men, shop and mechanical workers, clerical and station workers and maintenance-of-way men, and marine workers.

If a board of adjustment fails in settling a dispute, it may be referred to a board of mediation and conciliation or it may be submitted to aritration. The board of mediation and conciliation, appointed by the President, is to be made up of five impartial commissioners, who are not associated in interest with either the carriers or the unions. The board may act on the request of either party or on its own initiative. It may try by mediation to induce the parties to settle all disputes as to the application of agreements or in the case of proposed changes of rules or wages. If conference, adjustment, mediation and conciliation have all failed to result in an agreement, this board shall endeavor to induce the parties to submit their differences to arbitration and must help to organize the arbitration proceedings. Arbitration must be entered into voluntarily, but both parties shall agree faithfully to execute the award, which must be filed in the appropriate district court of the United States, and becomes a judgment of the court.

In case of a dispute which threatens to interrupt interstate commerce to a serious degree, the President is authorized to create a board to investigate and report to him within thirty days. After the creation of such a board and for thirty days after its report is made, "no change except by agreement shall be made by the parties to the controversy in the conditions out of which the dispute arose."

At this writing, the chief opposition to the proposed bill is that the public is not a party to the conferences or represented on the boards of adjustment. (*Continued on p.* 576)

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

"He Restoreth My Soul"

THE words of the Psalmist fit the wonderful play, The Dybbuk, by S. Ansky, brought to us from the Hebrew of the Habima production in Moscow to the English of the Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street. Most of us need to have our souls restored for they are faint and lonely. Whatever *re-stores* them with faith and courage is most precious. But we seldom get much help from the theater. We may find gaiety, forgetfulness, sentiment, social satire, psychological smartness, beauty of the senses, but no meat for the spirit. Our second temple—the theater—is empty of any whisper from eternity.

Now in The Dybbuk, God is the hero and eternity the *mise-en-scêne*. The plot is in solemn truth to "restore a soul" and the villian is "the Antagonist"—in short, the Devil. Henry Alsberg who translated the play says: "It is a mystic melodrama with no villian save fate, and the chief interest centered on the problem of the relation of souls that have passed out of physical existence to those still corporally embodied." It is a "mystery play" in the medieval sense, with its roots in the true earth of all drama—folk-lore and religion. Here the folk-lore is that of the Jew within the pale, and the religion that mystic Hebrew ritual that seeks to bridge the gulf between God and the human soul.

To begin with we see interpreted the life of a synagogue, and there Channon, a young student and mystic, reveals his love for Leah, daughter of the rich Sender. But Sender, despite his pledge to Channon's father, announces the betrothal of Leah to a rich youth. Channon dies, and in act two just as we finish the colorful dancing and approach the ritual of the wedding, he seizes Leah with demonic possession. "The Dybbuk has taken her soul!" The last marvelous scene is the struggle of Rabbi Aesrael and his council of rabbis to restore Leah's soul. This high priest of the Chassidic sect invokes the last terrors of his church to dispossess the Dybbuk. Here the climax comes in the no man's land between the real and the supernatural and we understand why the play was also called Between Two Worlds. Aesrael drives Channon's spirit from Leah's body, but he cannot divorce their souls bound in love. Leah dies—we have all the human poignancy of the Paolo and Francesca motif.

In this last act resides the strength that restoreth the soul. It is so moving and full of spiritual beauty, so patterned with liturgy and the symbolism of candle and scroll and robes, so human in its emotions of father and daughter and lover and so tragic-triumphant at the end that we hearken to a voice from the Hereafter with full conviction and reverent awe. We are tense with drama and yet flooded with a serene peace, inexplicable to me—perhaps because it is the peace of God that passeth understanding. I do not believe you can explain the mystery of the feeling—nor should you try. But if you are a weary modern, needing a soul but never sure of one, the memory of The Dybbuk will be like a plinth of marble or a sheet of gold lent for your altar.

The Neighborhood Playhouse production succeeds beyond belief. Not only in the things seen, the sets and stage pictures like old tapestry, the velvet shadows and gold lights of Rembrandt that pick out the three Psalm-singers, or the Doré grotesquerie of the dancing beggars at the feast, or the exquisite rhythms and coloring of the rabbinical trial, but in the things unseen is the direction of this play as great as any American stage has ever seen. It is clear that this material could easily lend itself to titters—one wig awry, one stroke of farce, and the mood would be shattered. But all is just and in humble sincerity. All is done with reverence for the play, for the Hebrew faith, and for the good intent of the audience. And it is not the least of the blessings we find here that the audience responds.

Such a play is rich in lessons. The movement for spiritual healing in the Protestant Church may find here something of wisdom to study. The young Jew who has slipped into laughing at his ancient faith may see here the secret that justifies the devotion of his fathers. But most of all the average American should see The Dybbuk. I hope that some way can be found to send this play abroad in the land. It should go to Detroit and Los Angeles and Miami. The Miracle went on its expensive and triumphal tour, and The Return of Peter Grimm found an audience for its lesser and more sentimental version of the soul and everlasting life; surely a way can be found to let questing America refresh itself with the mystic beauty of this religious drama. Here is an answer to the propaganda against Jews. For here is the Jews' own answer—a new revelation of their age-long gift of seeing God. It is a challenge to every Jew to live up to the glory of his religion, and to every Gentile to welcome anew the timeless message of the need of the soul's dependence upon some vision of God.

LEON WHIPPLE

Chicago Reclaims Its Daily News

THE hopes of Chicago have been in painful suspense while the fate of the Chicago Daily News, the city's only independent exponent of public opinion, has been hanging in the balance for the past four months. When at the death of Victor Fremont Lawson, founder, owner and publisher of the paper, the discovery was made that no disposition of it had been made by him, and that it was not even mentioned in his will, the public-spirited citizens of Chicago

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were fairly stunned. For fifty years Chicago has claimed and used the Daily News as though it were its own. Ever since young Mr. Lawson offered his fellow citizens its truth-telling news columns and public-spirited editorials, they have accepted the Daily News on its face value as the fairest and freeest medium for the expression of public opinion.

It is not presumptuous to regard the Daily News as an asset of the city, a vital function of Chicago itself, because Mr. Lawson himself always shared this sentiment. The fact that he owned and controlled this public asset only measured his sense of accountability to the people for making it serve the public welfare. Indeed because it was his, because he had launched and steered it for half a century, because it had acquired its large circulation averaging nearly 400,000 copies daily, because it wielded such a large influence under his guidance, he felt more keenly his personal responsibility for its effect upon public interests and the lives of its readers.

The few of us who knew him best and were in his closest confidence, were aware that he had been thinking of how he could dispose of the paper so as to conserve and carry into the future the ideals and standards which he had made it his life's work to develop and establish. To my own repeated claim that such a life work in public service as the Daily News was recognized to be should not be considered as a saleable commodity, he assented, but perplexedly remarked upon the difficulty in wisely providing for the future of such a public trust. Shortly before he died, however, he intimated to another that his purpose to do so was nearing a plan to carry it out. But death overtook him suddenly in his seventy-fifth year before he did or said anything further. Therefore this his greatest possession, with all his other properties, went into the hands of the Illinois Merchants Trust, as the executor of his estate and the trustee of some of its bequests.

The necessity to sell the Daily News was promptly announced, with an avowal by the president of the bank of his moral obligation to entrust the journal only to such control as would be in accordance with Mr. Lawson's ideals and purposes. This moral obligation was as promptly asserted by the residuary legatees, the principal beneficiaries of the will. The Chicago Theological Seminary, the Congregational Church Extension and Missionary Society of Chicago, and the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association expressed to the executor their preference for the acceptance of the best bidders even though they might not offer the highest bid. This sentiment was shared by Mr. Lawson's brother, who is the fourth residuary legatee. This fine loyalty to the high principles and civic patriotism of Mr. Lawson cleared the way for the acceptance of the bid assuring the continuance of the editorial and business management in the control of the able and experienced professional newspaper men whom Mr. Lawson had gathered and trained to share with him and carry on the public service of the Chicago Daily News. This satisfactory and significant result is due to the confidence that the staff and the financial backers of this bid had in Walter A. Strong, the business manager, who now succeeds Mr. Lawson in the control of the paper. Fortunately there were enough among the many sharing the civic ideals expressed and exemplified by the Daily News, who were able and willing to stand in the breach with sufficient financial resources to carry over the Daily News from what it had been to what Chicago needed it to continue to be. They were just, as well as generous, enough to offer all that a legitimate investment in the business enterprise warranted. In so doing they must be credited with having rendered a patriotic service to their city.

Had such Chicagoans lost control of the Daily News, the aggressive civic agencies, such as the Municipal Voters' League, the Citizens' Association, and the Bureau of Public Efficiency might have been deprived of their best publicity and their strongest support. The independent voters within party lines, who have achieved all Chicago's political gains, would also have been left without any independent medium of communication and cooperation. And had the Daily News gone wrong, it is not too much to say that it might have done more harm than could have been counteracted, much less prevented, by all the good which the beneficence of Mr. Lawson's philanthropic bequests could have possibly achieved.

Characteristic of Chicago's public-spirited citizenship is this indomitable will to serve the safety and welfare of the city. And now again, as ever before, it is those citizens who stay on the job of their citizenship continuously who can and do rise to meet such an emergency, promptly and unitedly enough to do so effectively. Chicago's good will has risen in its might to its height once again, justifying the faith and hope, service and sacrifice of its citizens—dead, living and yet to be born.

GRAHAM TAYLOR

Negroes of "Ainshun Days"

AS recently as 1911 the folksongs of the United States were represented in Granville Bantock's collection of folksongs of all nations by Old Folks at Home, Tenting on the Old Camp Ground and Dixie. The pendulum has swung so far in another direction that in a course of public lectures on American art to be given in New York, this winter, our folk music is to be covered by a talk just on Negro spirituals. One approach is of course as limited as the other. Negroes do, however, form the largest group and the one most intuitively musical to have made a folk contribution. Besides, we have a natural inclination towards their songs because of long acquaintance with their rhythm and themes through our popular music.

Following the recent revival of spirituals came a demand for books of these songs. There are still in this radio-victrola-pianola age those who play and sing for their own pleasure and information as they would read. What was there to choose? The Hampton Religious Folk Songs of the Negro was a little volume like a hymnal in size and simplicity of accompaniment. Krehbiel's book on Afro-American folksongs, also not the practical size for the piano-rack, emphasized text rather than music and devoted much space to the unfamiliar Creole songs. Natalie Curtis-Burlin's series of Negro spirituals and work and play songs were recorded from Hampton part-singing and the accompaniment was merely a guidance for rehearsal. There were occasional spirituals arranged by such Negro pioneers as Burleigh and a few musicians of Southern birth for concert use, and published separately. In 1924 Frey made a beginning with a collection of twenty-five spirituals.

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J. Rosamund Johnson and Lawrence Brown have now made a volume of these songs that is adequate for general use. It contains sixty-one spirituals and includes most of those with which the public has become familiar and a great many that it will want to know. James Weldon Johnson has written an informative but not over-preponderant preface that gives the history, explanation and an estimate of American Negro music. The accompaniments are not too elaborate and intend to suggest the additional harmonies that come in part-singing. The words are for the most part suggestive of Negro dialect.

It would be easy to find flaws in the collection. It is still not the ideal one-volume collection of Negro spirituals in accompaniment and words. But it is a question whether spirituals or other Negro songs can be put on paper satisfactorily; so much of the flavor of Negro music comes from the unaccompanied singing with its ever-changing variations according to the whim of the singers, and the inimitable timbre of the Negro voice. No one who has heard the Southern Negro singing as he works or plays or prays is satisfied with the captured music.

But this same cavilling can be made against the recording of any folk music, wherever there is familiarity with the original. Wider knowledge and appreciation and the preservation of folksongs are important as well as perfection.

At the same time comes another volume of comfortable piano size, Mellows, a book of many Negro work songs, street cries and spirituals recorded by R. Emmet Kennedy, a Louisianian. It is attractively illustrated in black and white and has an amusing cotton cover that suggests a red bandanna. The songs are for the most part less familiar than those of the Johnson-Brown book because of their limited source. This volume contains the fine dirge, Go Down, Death, which is missing from the other book. Mellows is not so strictly a musician's volume. Each song is given in a setting that recalls the author's previous book of Negro anecdotes, Black Cameos; they both are reminiscent of the one-man entertainment which is a little too erudite for vaudeville, a little too informative for the sophisticated. But the settings will interest some and can be ignored by others. With the dialect Mr. Kennedy's task was easier than that of Rosamund Johnson and Lawrence Brown, for he could set down that of the Louisiana Negro while they had to indicate the speech of the Southern Negro generally.

Neither of these volumes is exactly the one that lovers of Negro music were seeking but they have come on the crest of the popularity of this music and they are being welcomed with perhaps more enthusiasm than they justly merit.

There has recently, however, been published a story of Negro life that deserves all the attention it can receive. This is Porgy, a study of a crippled Charleston beggar, written by Du Bose Heyward, who is not a Negro and who has hitherto not been widely known. The material of Porgy suggests Gorki's Lower Depths. Mr. Heyward has been able to sketch with brief, sure words the vivid Negro tenement life in a decayed old mansion of other days in its joyousness, misery, vice, friendliness, ignorance. Barbaric superstition and Christianity, tragedy and the parade and picnic among the palmettos of The Sons and Daughters of Repent Ye Saith the Lord, the flood that sent Catfish Row under water, Porgy and his offensive goat-chariot—all are blended in an unforgettable little tale. Only the fact that he is a Caucasian has hindered Mr. Heyward in writing a genuine classic. The "buckra" intrudes, sympathetic though he is. Mr. Heyward will fully understand why he has failed, though it is a splendid failure. He himself narrates: "The court had been full of the many-colored sounds that accompanied its evening life. Now, gradually the noise shrunk, seeming to withdraw into itself. All knew what it meant. A white man had entered. The protective curtain of silence which the Negro draws about his life when the Caucasian intrudes hung almost tangibly in the air. No one appeared to notice the visitor. Each was busily preoccupied with his task. Yet the newcomer made no move that was not noted by fifty pairs of inscrutable eyes."

FLORENCE LOEB KELLOGG

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS. *Edited with an introduction by James Weldon Johnson. Musical arrangements by J. Rosamund Johnson. Additional numbers by Lawrence Brown. The Viking Press.* 187 *pp. Price* $3.50 *postpaid of The Survey.*
MELLOWS, *by R. Emmet Kennedy. Albert and Charles Boni.* 183 *pp. Price* $5 *postpaid of The Survey.*
PORGY, *by Du Bose Heyward. George H. Doran Company.* 196 *pp. Price* $2 *postpaid of The Survey.*

He Remains an Englishman

LORD EDWARD GREY'S memoirs, Twenty-five Years, may be a greater book than you think. It is not the monumental document we might once have looked for from the man who sat in the conning tower of the world—the British Foreign Office—for the eleven years, December 11, 1905 to December 11, 1916. It gives no fact or viewpoint that has not already been threshed out; it retails no back-stairs gossip, nor has it the facile and impudent charm of the Page letters; sadder still, it has no flashes of sub-depth illumination or personal interpretation. Its author does not stand forth as any wielder of destiny who knew all the facts and plotted a cosmic course. Instead he appears as a somewhat confused, but painfully honest and well-intentioned English gentleman who worked industriously to preserve British imperial interests throughout the world, and who struggled to keep the peace among nations both because he hated war and because he judged it would endanger England. His book is an apologia. Volume I tries to explain why England's relation to the Continent and the threatened war was not clear, especially on August 1, 1914. Volume II tries to explain the diplomacy of the War, especially some of England's failures and the problem of the neutrals among which, of course, the United States was chief. Here are chapters on America and the War, the Wilson peace mission of 1916, and some correspondence with Roosevelt. They are interesting but don't cut very deep. Lord Grey's client was not, after all, the United States!

On the only two questions for which World War books are now read seriously—what were the causes? what are the cures?—Lord Grey is either superficial, dealing only with the diplomacy and not the motives, or else lacking in concreteness of plan or procedure to prevent war. His preface states that he is telling his story to help the younger generation avoid such another catastrophe; but his advice as an elder is one brief chapter at the end, and all the rest a kind of diplomatic panorama of dispatch-boxes and conversations, and conferences that never reveal the passions and greed and human struggle underneath. He tries to tell the

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truth, but his training never permits him to. He knows what brutal realities he is talking about in these formula, but his readers may not unless they keep jabbing their minds awake, saying "That means they shot some natives," or "They stole a country because there was oil there." The abominable false simplifications and pseudo-courtesy of the diplomatic method cannot present the facts on which the next generations must base any war against war.

But Edward Grey's conclusions are real, and they have the significance of coming from a man who knows, and who has been through Hell for his wisdom. He does not see any hope in the "new diplomacy" for that may be just as dishonest as the old. Nor does he linger over the distribution of "war guilt," though he believes that Prussian militarism was the precipitating agent for the débacle. Regardless of Germany, he asks:

> With Europe an armed camp, could peace have been preserved much longer? Every country had been piling up armaments and perfecting preparations for war. The object in each case had been security. The effect had been precisely the contrary of what was intended and desired. Instead of a sense of security there had been produced a sense of fear . . . and fear predisposes to violence and catastrophe.

He goes on to show that "the notion that Germany can be kept permanently disarmed by temporary expedients, such as foreign missions of control, is an illusion." In the long run there can be no security in Europe without a Germany that is genuinely working for peace, but it remains for the victors to start on the better way and give Germany a chance to join:

> The lesson of European history is so plain. It is that no enduring security can be found in competing armaments and in separate alliances; there is no security for any power unless it be a security in which its neighbors have an equal share.

That is the high note in Lord Grey's book. It was written before the signing of the Locarno treaties, but it might have been the charter behind them. How then is this lesson to be applied? Partly by good will and partly through the solemn realization that unless man can learn by his experience he will perish:

> War used to imply a contest between armies; it will henceforth by common consent mean the destruction by chemical agencies, of the crowded centers of population; it will mean physical, moral, and economic ruin. . . . There will be no secure peace until the great nations of the world have a consensus of opinion among them sufficient to inspire confidence that they will stand by each other to avoid, to suppress, or to localize and insulate war.

He believes that though England and her dominions are shy of pledges to the League of Nations and the United States refuses to join, yet public opinion is in fact deeply concerned and slowly grasping the truth that competition in armaments does not lend security. The next step is the realization that a sense of security will prevent armaments. Then the final problem will be faced, how to produce this unmistakable feeling of security. "The solution of this problem is the supreme need of civilized mankind."

Lord Grey's book will not help much toward solving the problem, though his stern testimony as to its nature is a beginning. For throughout the book the real causes of the feeling of insecurity—little matters of trade routes, concessions, colonies, land hunger, racial enmities, and the whole system of economic imperialism—all are veiled under phrases like "England's honour" or "our interests." They *had* to

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be protected, he honestly thought. Well, that's why so many other people felt insecure, or at least, vastly envious! The man never seems to have faced reality all his life.

That's why I began by saying this may be a great book. It is such a marvelous picture of the dual personality that makes England—that priceless, irritating, subconscious gift of believing opposing things at once, of talking morals and meaning money, of loving gardens and turning buccaneer, of being able to deny there was any alliance with France at the very moment recognized "military and naval conversations" were putting the English fleet on guard for the Channel coast of France and planning the Expeditionary force. Grey is a fool to talk like this, or else he thinks the rest of us are fools. The metaphysics of the book leaves your head in a whirl. Let your critical spirit droop for a moment and Grey will have slipped the anodyne in your cup, and you will die believing that England was always fair, just, honorable, peaceful, and far far more altruistic than any other nation. It may in part be true, for there was that humanitarian streak in English liberalism as Grey shows; but he seems to regret not Abdul the Turk's massacres of Christians, but that cynical Germany got the concessions when England tried to protest. This balancing of the humane and the profitable produces sentences that sound like Shavian parody:

> Lord Cromer's work was too important to be given up without loss or prejudice to British interests; it was also too intrinsically good for Egypt, both financially and humanely, for us to think of abandoning it without a sense of shame.

It sounds precisely like Napoleon's description of the English in Shaw's Man of Destiny just put on by the Theater Guild. Nobody but an Englishman can think that way. No wonder the mathematical Germans never understood.

Grey himself was dual. He avers he had little interest in politics, yet for twenty-five years or more he swotted away in Commons or Cabinet. He wanted to be a country gentleman in a garden who knew all the trees and the bird calls. He fled secretly from London for week-ends in his solitary cottage, and laments one international crisis because it kept him from an annual picnic-tryst with a favorite beech-tree. He and his confrère Lloyd George ruled half the world yet thought it a joke that they could not speak decent French. He apparently kept himself in deliberate ignorance of what the miltiary and naval branches were promising to France. In other peoples this would be hypocrisy; in the English it is a gift, and so Lord Grey appears perfectly honest, full of good intentions, and disposed to peace. In short, he "remains an Englishman" and his memoirs will be to the future historian not a source book of fact but a full-length study in racial psychology.

Leon Whipple

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS: 1892-1916, *by Viscount Grey of Fallodon. Frederick A. Stokes. 2 vols. 331 pp. and 353 pp. Price* $10 *postpaid of The Survey.*

EDITORIALS

(*Continued from page* 571)

DRAMA, with promise of a happy ending, appeared in a series of headlines in the New York Times a few weeks ago over dispatches from Tampa, Florida.

January 4: No Smallpox Alarm. Tampa Officials Sure the Local Outbreak is Curbed.

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January 7: Circularizes Tampa to Combat Smallpox. Health Officer Complains Newspapers, with Epidemic Near, Do Not Give Publicity.
January 9: More Smallpox in Tampa. Six New Cases Brings Known Total Up to 39.
January 11: Vaccinations in Tampa. Authorities Act to Protect 30,000 Children Against Smallpox.

Under those headlines the details of the story become clearer. The second dispatch reported that the Kiwanis Club had gone on record as opposed to any publicity as to the number of smallpox cases in the city, naming a physician, a member of the Florida Board of Medical Examiners, to call on the publishers. This action, according to the remarks attributed its supporters, was due to "Tampa getting unfair advertising through the reports which are exaggerated by people of the North spreading propaganda adverse to Florida and Tampa."

The next day, if the accounts are correct, the health officer countered with a plan to send printed circulars into the homes by the school children. Then the state health officer came in to confer with the city officials, and remarked justly that a threatened epidemic could be handled locally, and that Florida as a whole had far fewer cases of smallpox than other states about which no fuss had been made. With that, and the forty-third case of smallpox, came the plan to vaccinate the children in the schools, while a member of the City Commission denied the published reports that he would demand the health officer's resignation, but reiterated his displeasure with his methods.

There are past chapters in public health history in other states from New York to California which make it possible to guess what the outcome would have been if the Kiwanis Club had had its way, and others to prove that with universal understanding and vaccination smallpox can be speedily checked. Tampa is fortunate in having had in such an emergency one of the veteran city health officers of the country, a former president of the American Public Health Association, Dr. E. C. Levy, for many years in Richmond, Virginia, well acquainted with the specious public sentiment which would keep skeletons in the civic closet.

MY APPRENTICESHIP
HERBERT SPENCER: and MY SEARCH FOR A CREED
(*Continued from page* 553)

thousands who vanish unknown around us. Either "the all" is so inexpressibly sad that there is no room for an increase of sadness through personal affliction; or else there is a mysterious meaning which, if we could divine it and accept it, would hallow all things, and give even to death and misery a holiness which would be akin to happiness. And the result of this ultimatum, presented by the thoughtful to the practical part of my nature, was a partial reversion to religion; I was satisfied that this would be the last word of thought unaided by experience gathered in action. The question remained, how am I to live and for what object? Is the chopped-up happiness of the world worth anything if the first alternative be true? Physical annihilation is impracticable. One's own life and one's own nature are facts with which one must deal; and with me they must be directed by some one consistent principle.

Even if the instinctive faith in a mysterious goodness is a fiction of the mind, would it not on the whole be happier to live by the light of this delusion, and blind oneself wilfully to the awful vision of unmeaning misery? Perhaps it would be difficult to direct a life on this negative basis. In truth one

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has a faith within one which persists in the absence of direct contradiction. [January 2, 1883.]"

Thus the long-drawn-out controversy,[1] between the Ego that affirms and the Ego that denies the validity of religious mysticism, ended, not in a reversion to the creed of Christianity, not even in an affirmation by the intellect of the existence of a spiritual power with whom man could enter into communion, but in an intuitive use of prayer as, for one of my temperament, essential to the right conduct of life. A secularist friend once cross-examined me as to what exactly I meant by prayer; he challenged me to define the process of prayer, to describe its happening. I answered that I would gladly do so if I could find the words. The trouble is, as Tagore observed about poetry, that words have meanings, or, as I should prefer to say, *predominantly intellectual meanings;* and that in prayer, even more than in poetry, it is emotion and not reason that seeks transmission. Religion is love; in no case is it logic. That is why, down all the ages of human development, prayer has been intimately associated, whether as a cause or as an effect, with the nobler and more enduring forms of architecture and music; associated, too, with poetry and painting, with the awe-inspiring aspects of nature, with the great emotional mysteries of maternity, mating and death.

In another place I may try (and probably fail) to express, by the clumsy mechanism of the written word, the faith I hold; that it is by prayer, by communion with an all-pervading spiritual force, that the soul of man discovers the purpose or goal of human endeavor, as distinguished from the means or process by which human beings may attain their ends. For science is bankrupt in deciding the destiny of man; she lends herself indifferently to the destroyer and to the preserver of life, to the hater and to the lover of mankind. Yet any avoidance of the scientific method in disentangling "the order of things," any reliance on magic or on mystical intuition in selecting the process by which to reach the chosen end, spells superstition and usually results in disaster.

But this metaphysical resting-place was not reached until middle life. At this point in my narrative it suffices to record the fact that, during the ten years intervening between my mother's death (1882; æt. 24) and my father's death and my own marriage (1892; æt. 34)—crucial years during which I acquired the craft of a social investigator, experienced intense emotional strain, and persisted in continuous intellectual toil under adverse circumstances—it was the habit of prayer which enabled me to survive, and to emerge relatively sound in body and sane in mind.

II.

UNLIKE my sister Kate, who had toiled for six years as a volunteer rent-collector, I was not led into the homes of the poor by the spirit of charity. I had never been moved by the "hard cases" which, as I thought, "make bad law." Why then did I select the chronic destitution of whole sections of the people, whether illustrated by overcrowded homes, by the demoralized casual labor of the docks, or by the low wages, long hours and insanitary conditions of the sweated industries, as my first subjects for enquiry? What impelled me was the state of mind in the most vital centers of business enterprise, political agitation and academic reasoning. In the 'eighties and 'nineties there were, in fact, two heated controversies raging in periodicals and books, and giving rise to perpetual argument within my own circle of relations, friends and acquaintances; on the one hand, the meaning of the poverty of masses of men; and, on the other, the practicability and desirability of political and industrial democracy as a set-off to, perhaps as a means of redressing, the grievances of the majority of the people. Was the poverty of the many a neces-

[1] The reader must be referred to Mrs. Webb's forthcoming book for the entries which illumine this internal controversy. The two citations on the deaths of her mother and of the philosopher of the hearth (pp. 553, 555) representing two poles of thought present from her childhood days when she listened to their discussions, suggest the sequence. Editor Survey.

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sary condition of the wealth of the nation and of its progress in civilization? And if the bulk of the people were to remain poor and uneducated, was it desirable, was it even safe, to entrust them with the weapon of trade unionism, and, through the ballot-box, with making and controlling the government of Great Britain with its enormous wealth and its far-flung dominions?

In my first paper I described how, in my childhood and youth, the outlook of the family circle, though unusually extended and diversified, did not include the "world of Labor." "Water plentiful and labor docile" was a typical sentence in a company-promoter's report. But in 1879 my father resigned the presidency of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and became once more actively engaged in British business enterprises. To an alien railway administrator, speeding over the vast spaces of a continent that was steadily filling up with immigrants of all races, white and yellow, brown and black, the conception of the manual workers as so many "Robots" was natural, perhaps inevitable. To the manufacturer or merchant of Great Britain, as to the financiers standing behind them, faced as they were in 1879-85 by lock-outs and strikes conducted by trade unions of undeniable power; having to meet in official relations the workmen leaders, not only as negotiators on equal terms, but also as members of the House of Commons, even in 1885 as part of the Administration—the term "Labor" had come to mean no abstraction at all, but a multitude of restless, self-assertive, and loss-creating fellow-citizens, who could no longer be ignored and therefore had to be studied.

Hence there began to appear on my mother's boudoir table pamphlets and treatises for and against the wage-fund theory; whilst my father, with a puzzled expression, sought enlightenment from Carlyle's *Past and Present,* and began to take an interest in the experiences (as a volunteer rent-collector in the East End of London) of his daughter Kate, and in the conversation of such co-workers, thus introduced into the family circle, as Octavia Hill and Samuel and Henrietta Barnett. Moreover, it happened to be during these years that three political-minded brothers-in-law joined the family group.[1]

Of more immediate significance to myself was my deepened friendship with my cousin Mary Booth and with her husband Charles Booth, whose outstanding enquiry into the life and labor of the people of London I shall describe in my next paper.

"WHAT is outside Parliament," wrote Mr. Gladstone to Lord Rosebery in the first year of the triumphant Gladstonian Government of 1880-1885, "seems to me to be fast mounting—nay, to have already mounted—to an importance much exceeding what is inside."

For half a century British politics had been based on a continuous rivalry between Whig and Tory; between landlordism on the one hand, rooted in privilege and protection, and on the other, capitalism claiming unrestricted freedom of enterprise in pursuit of pecuniary profit. To these must be added the distinct but parallel conflict between Nonconformity

[1] There was Henry Hobhouse (afterwards one of the members for Somerset and the chairman of its county council and quarter sessions), who married my sister Margaret in 1880, and brought with him the cultivated refinement and sense of social obligation characteristic of such country gentlemen and public-service families as the Hobhouses, Farrers, Aclands and Stracheys. There was Charles Alfred Cripps, who married my sister Theresa in 1881; a brilliantly successful young barrister, an accomplished dialectician, with a tolerant and benevolent outlook on life; in after years destined to become a Conservative M.P., and eventually, as Lord Parmoor, owing to his hatred of war and distrust of "capitalist imperialism," to swing into sympathy with the labour and socialist movement, and to enter the short-lived Labour Cabinet of 1924. I delighted in arguments with him. And, last to join us but eldest and most outstanding of the trio, Leonard Courtney, then financial secretary to the treasury in Gladstone's adminstration, won my sister Kate from her philanthropic work in 1883, and brought to bear on our discussions a massive intelligence and an amazing memory, combined with the intellectual integrity and personal disinterestedness of a superman.

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and the Established Church. From time to time there had arisen a demand for a further extension of the suffrage, and hot had been the disputes between the two great parties as to the exact amount of property or degree of social position necessary to fit a man for the exercise of the suffrage, and as to the devices that might be invented for curbing the power of majorities.

Now it was these old forces that were, in the main, represented by the House of Commons elected in 1880. Yet, as Gladstone had realized, there were already portents of politics of a new type. Lord Randolph Churchill, with his queerly assorted three fellow-benchers, Arthur Balfour, Drummond Wolff and John Gorst, was feverishly stimulating the organization of the Tory workingmen into a ubiquitous electoral network which would enable him, from time to time, to shake his fist at Lord Salisbury. And there was Joseph Chamberlain, already controlling a powerful Radical caucus, who had administered Birmingham on the bold principle of "high rates and a healthy city," and who was now talking of taxation as a ransom due from those "who toil not neither do they spin," and who was demanding in his new role of cabinet minister, adult manhood suffrage, free secular education, and three acres and a cow for those who preferred individual production on the land to work at wages in the mine or factory. "There is a process of slow modification and development, mainly in directions which I view with misgiving," wrote the veteran statesman to Lord Acton in February 1885.

'Tory Democracy' . . . . is demagogism; . . . living on the fomentation of angry passions, and still in secret as obstinately attached as ever to the evil principle of class interests. The Liberalism of today is better . . . yet far from being good. Its pet idea is what they call construction, that is to say, taking into the hands of the State the business of the individual man.

It was this demoniacal constructiveness that a few years later the aged and weary leader anathematized as "whole vistas of social quackery."

Why this demand for state intervention from a generation reared amidst rapidly rising riches and disciplined in the school of philosophic radicalism and orthodox political economy? For it was not the sweated workers, massed in overcrowded city tenements or scattered, as agricultural laborers and home workers, in village hovels; it was not the so-called aristocracy of labor—cotton operatives, engineers, and miners—who were, during this period, enrolling themselves in friendly societies, organizing trade unions, and managing their own cooperative stores—it was, in truth, no section of the manual workers that was secreting what Mr. Asquith lived to denounce in the 1924 election as "the poison of socialism." The working-class revolt against the misery and humiliation brought about by the Industrial Revolution—a revolt, in spasmodic violence, aping revolution—had had its fling in the 'twenties and 'thirties and its apotheosis in the Chartist Movement of the 'forties. During the relative prosperity of the 'fiftees and 'sixties the revolutionary tradition of the first decades of the nineteenth century faded away; and by 1880 it had become little more than a romantic memory among old men in their anecdotage. Born and bred in chronic destitution and enfeebling disease, the denizens of the slums had sunk into a brutalized apathy, whilst the more fortunate members of skilled occupations, entrenched in craft unionism, had been converted to the "administrative nihilism" of Cobden, Bright, and Bradlaugh.

THE origin of the ferment is to be discovered in a new consciousness of sin among men of intellect and men of property; a consciousness at first philanthropic and practical—Ostler, Shaftesbury, and Chadwick; then literary and artistic—Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, and William Morris; and finally, analytic, historical and explanatory—in his latter days John

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Stuart Mill;[1] Karl Marx and his English interpreters; Alfred Russell Wallace and Henry George; Arnold Toynbee and the Fabians. I might perhaps add a theological category—Charles Kingsley, F. D. Maurice, General Booth, and Cardinal Manning. "The sense of sin has been the starting-point of progress" was, during these years, the oft-repeated saying of Samuel Barnett, rector of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, and founder of Toynbee Hall.

When I say the consciousness of sin, I do not mean the consciousness of personal sin: the agricultural laborers on Lord Shaftesbury's estate were no better off than others in Dorsetshire; Ruskin and William Morris were surrounded in their homes with things which were costly as well as beautiful; John Stuart Mill did not alter his modest but comfortable way of life when he became a Socialist; and H. M. Hyndman gloried in the garments habitual to the members of exclusive West End clubs. The consciousness of sin was a collective or class consciousness; a growing uneasiness, amounting to conviction, that the industrial organization, which had yielded rent, interest and profits on a stupendous scale, had failed to provide a decent livelihood and tolerable conditions for a majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain. "England," said Carlyle in the 'forties, "is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for human want in every kind; yet England is dying of inanition." " . So long," argued the American advocate of taxation of land values, some forty years later, "as all the increased wealth which modern progress brings goes but to build up great fortunes, to increase luxury and make sharper the contrast between the House of Have and the House of Want, progress is not real and cannot be permanent. The reaction must come." "At this very time," wrote William Morris and H. M. Hyndman in 1884," "official returns prove conclusively that vast masses of our countrymen are living on the very verge of starvation; that much of the factory population is undergoing steady physical deterioration; that the agricultural laborers rarely get enough food to keep them clear of diseases arising from insufficient nourishment; . . . all subject to never-ceasing uncertainty of earning a livelihood, due to the constant introduction of fresh machines over which they have no control, or the great commercial crises which come more frequently and last for a longer time at each recurrence. There is therefore complete anarchy of life and anarchy of production around us."[2] "The state of the houses," declared Cardinal Manning two years later, "families living in single rooms, sometimes many families in one room, a corner apiece—these things cannot go on. The accumulation of wealth in the land, the piling up of wealth like mountains

[1] "In those days I had seen little further than the old school of political economists into the possibilities of fundamental improvement in social arrangements. Private property, as now understood, and inheritance, appeared to me, as to them, the *dernier mot* of legislation: and I looked no further than to mitigating the inequalities consequent on these institutions, by getting rid of primogeniture and entails. The notion that it was possible to go further than this in removing the injustice—for injustice it is, whether admitting of a complete remedy or not—involved in the fact that some are born to riches and the vast majority to poverty, I then reckoned chimerical, and only hoped that by universal education, leading to voluntary restraint on population, the portion of the poor might be made more tolerable. In short, I was a democrat, but not the least of a Socialist. We [Mill and his wife] were now much less democrats than I had been, because so long as education continues to be so wretchedly imperfect, we dreaded the ignorance and especially the selfishness and brutality of the mass: but our ideal of ultimate improvement went far beyond Democracy, and would class us decidedly under the general designation of Socialist. While we repudiated with the greatest energy that tyranny of society over the individual which most Socialist systems are supposed to involve, we yet looked forward to a time when society will no longer be divided into the idle and the industrious; when the rule that they who do not work shall not eat, will be applied not to paupers only, but impartially to all; when the division of the produce of labor, instead of depending, as in so great a degree it now does, on the accident of birth, will be made by concert on an acknowledged principle of justice; and when it will no longer either be, or be thought to be, impossible for human beings to exert themselves strenuously in procuring benefits which are not to be exclusively their own, but to be shared with the society they belong to." "The social problem of the future we consider to be, how to unite the greatest individual liberty of action, with a common ownership in the raw material of the globe, and an equal participation of all in the benefits of combined labor."—*Autobiography, John Stuart Mill, World's Classic Edition, p.* 195-6.

[2] *A Summary of the Principles of Socialism,* by H. M. Hyndman and William Morris, published 1884.

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in the possession of classes or of individuals, cannot go on if these moral conditions of our people are not healed. No commonwealth can rest on such foundations."[1]

This class-consciousness of sin was usually accompanied by devoted personal service, sometimes by open confession and a deliberate dedication of means and strength to the reorganization of society on a more equalitarian basis. One of the noblest and most original of these latter-day confessors, Arnold Toynbee, expressed, on the eve of his premature death—in words charged, it may be overcharged, with emotion—at once his penitence and his hope for a nobler life for the mass of his fellow-countrymen.[2]

We—the middle classes, I mean not merely the very rich—we have neglected you; instead of justice we have offered you charity, and instead of sympathy we have offered you hard and unreal advice; but I think we are changing. . . . We have sinned against you grievously—not knowingly always, but still we have sinned, and let us confess it; but if you will forgive us—nay, whether you will forgive us or not—we will serve you, we will devote our lives to your service, and we cannot do more. . . . We will do this, and only ask you to remember one thing in return. We will ask you to remember this—that we work for you in the hope and trust that if you get material civilization, if you get a better life. . . . you will . . . . remember that it is not an end in itself. Remember that man, like trees and plants, has his roots in the earth; but like the trees and plants, he must grow upwards towards the heavens.

NOW what infuriated the philosophic individualist, what upset the equanimity of Tory squire, Whig capitalist, and Conservative professional man, was not the vicarious conscience of a pious peer or philanthropic employer, it was not the abstract or historical analysis of the industrial revolution by heterodox thinkers and rhetorical authors, still less the seemingly hysterical outpourings of university dons and sentimental divines; it was the grim fact that each successive administration, whether Whig or Tory, indeed every new session of Parliament, led to further state regulation of private enterprise, to fresh developments of central and municipal administration, and, worst of all, to the steadily increasing taxation of the rich for the benefit of the poor.

The reaction against the theory and practice of empirical Socialism came to a head under Mr. Gladstone's administration of 1880-1885, an administration which may be fitly termed the "no man's land" between the old Radicalism and the new Socialism. For this ministry of all the talents wandered in and out of the trenches of the old individualists and the scouting parties of the new Socialists with an "absence of mind" concerning social and economic questions which became in the following decades the characteristic feature of Liberal statesmanship. Hence it was neither in Parliament nor in the Cabinet that the battle of the empirical Socialists with the philosophic Radicals was fought and won. Though the slow but continuous retreat of the individualist forces was signalized by annual increments of Socialistic legislation and administration, the controversy was carried out in periodcals, pamphlets, books, and in the evidence and reports of royal commissions and government committees of enquiry.

Foremost among the defenders of the existing order—shall I say the passing order?—was my old friend Herbert Spencer, in the early 'eighties at the zenith of his world-fame as England's greatest philosopher. Under challenging titles—*The Sins of Legislators, The New Toryism, The Coming Slavery, and The Great Political Superstition*—he contributed a series of articles in the *Contemporary Review* of 1884, published a few

[1] *The Rights of Labour*, by Cardinal Manning, republished and revised in 1887, quoted in *Life of Cardinal Manning*, by Edmund Sheridan Purcell, vol. ii. p. 647.

[2] Arnold Toynbee, M.A., on " 'Progress and Poverty': a Criticism of Mr. Henry George," being a lecture entitled *Mr. George in England*, delivered January 18, 1883, in St. Andrew's Hall, Newman Street, London.

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months later in *Man versus The State,* in which he ingeniously combined a destructive analysis of current legislation and a deductive demonstration of the validity of individualist economics and ethics, with a slashing attack on the Liberal party for having foresworn its faith in personal freedom. The gist of his indictment can best be given in his own words:

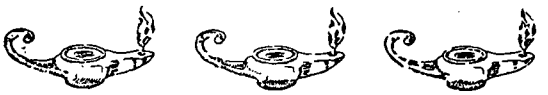
Dictatorial measures, rapidly multiplied, have tended continually to narrow the liberties of individuals; and have done this in a double way. Regulations have been made in yearly growing numbers, restraining the citizen in directions where his actions were previously unchecked, and compelling actions which previously he might perform or not as he liked; and at the same time heavier public burdens, chiefly local, have further restricted his freedom, by lessening that portion of his earnings which he can spend as he pleases, and augmenting the portion taken from him to be spent as public agents please. . . . Thus, either directly or indirectly, and in most cases both at once, the citizen is at each further stage in the growth of this compulsory legislation, deprived of some liberty which he previously had. . . .

He defined the distinctive policies of Whig and Tory parties throughout the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries: "In the one party there was a desire to resist and decrease the coercive power of the ruler over the subject, and in the other party to maintain or increase his coercive power." . . . The degeneration of Liberalism the indignant philosopher attributed to a mistaken belief in the validity of democratic institutions:

The great political supersition of the past was the divine right of kings. The great political superstition of the present is the divine right of parliaments. The oil of anointing seems unawares to have dripped from the head of the one on to the heads of the many, and given sacredness to them also and to their decrees. . . . The function of Liberalism in the past was that of putting a limit to the powers of kings. The function of true Liberalism in the future will be that of putting a limit to the powers of parliaments.

A QUEER, deep-rooted fallacy lay at the very base of Herbert Spencer's administrative nihilism; an error in reasoning pervading the capitalist world in which I was brought up. Herbert Spencer asserted, and every captalist assumed, that the system of profit-making enterprise with which we were all familiar, belonged to "the natural order of things," whereas any activity on the part of the state or the municipality, or even of the trade union, such as factory acts, public health administration, compulsory schooling and standard rates of wages were "artificial" contrivances; or, to use the Philosopher's own words, "clumsy mechanisms devised by political schemers to supersede the great laws of existence," and therefore bound—because they were "against nature"—to be social failures. For instance, a rate of wages determined by unrestricted individual competition was a "natural rate of wages"; a rate of wages determined by combination or by law was an "artificial wage," and therefore injurious to the commonweal.

Today it is difficult to understand from whence came this curious fallacy; probably it arose, like so many other fallacies, from a muddle-headed use of words. For when we talk about things being natural, on the one hand, and artificial on the other; when we say, for instance, that a waterfall or a lake is natural or that it is artificial, we attach to these two adjectives definite meanings: in the one case the lake or the waterfall happens without the intervention of man; in the other case it is due to human artifice. But there is no such thing as social structure apart from human beings, or independent of their activity. Thus, strictly speaking, every development of social structure and function, (*Continued on page* 585)



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MY APPRENTICESHIP

(*Continued from page* 583)

from the family to a police force, from the institution of personal property to the provision of public parks and libraries, from the primitive taboo to the most complicated Act of Parliament, is alike "artificial," that is to say, the product of human intervention, the outcome of human activities.

The plain truth is that to apply the antithesis of "natural" and "artificial" to social action is sheer nonsense.

Anything that exists or happens to human nature in society, whether war or peace, the custom of marriage or the growth of empire, the prevention of disease or the wholesale slaughter of battle, and "civilization" itself, is equally "natural"; its very happening makes it so. Moreover, if antiquity or ubiquity be taken as a test of what is in conformity with a hypothetical "nature of man," then governmental compulsion and also vocational organization (from the ancient castes of priests and warriors to the modern labor union) are not only far older in human history than the form of industrial organization known as the capitalist system, with its divorce of the worker from the ownership of the instruments of production, but are also —when we remember the vast uncounted populations of Asia and Africa—actually more widely prevalent among the inhabitants of the earth to-day.

It is, indeed, obvious that every social transformation, every development of human society, necessarily amounts, whether we like it or not, to an experiment in the conduct of life.

In the days of my capitalist bias I denounced, as interferences with the natural order of things, "these gigantic experiments, State education, State intervention in other matters which are now being inaugurated."[1] Why? Not, as I then thought, because these interventions" were "against nature," but, as I now realize, because these particular experiments were at the cost of my class for the assumed benefit of another class. A study of British blue-books, illuminated by my own investigations into the chronic poverty of our great cities, opened my eyes to the workers' side of the picture. To the working class of Great Britain in the latter half of the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth century—that is, to four-fifths of the entire population—the "industrial revolution," with its wholesale adoption of power-driven machinery and the factory system, its breaking up of the family as an industrial unit, and its summary abrogation of immemorial customs sanctioned by both religion and law (to which ruthless revolution, I may observe, my family owed its position of wealth—an explanation but not an excuse for my regarding it as peculiarly in "the natural order of things"!), must have appeared not only as artificial and unnatural, but also as a gigantic and cruel experiment which, insofar as it was affecting their homes, their health, their subsistence and their pleasure, was proving a calamitous failure.

MY reaction from this fallacy was an ever-deepening conviction of the supreme value, in all social activity, of the scientific method.

"This ceaseless questioning of social facts," the Ego that denies was always insisting, "seems an interesting way of passing the time, but does it lead anywhere?"

The Ego that affirms could now answer with confidence:

"Seeing that society is one vast laboratory in which experiments in human relationship, conscious or unconscious, careless or deliberate, are continuously being carried on, those races will survive and prosper which are equipped with the knowledge of how things happen. And this knowledge can only be acquired by persistent research into the past and present behavior of man."

"How things happen!" mocks the Ego that denies, "but that does not settle what *ought* to happen."

"I thought I told you long ago," calmly answers the Ego that affirms, "that with regard to the purpose of life, science is, and must reman bankrupt; and the men of science of today know it. The goal towards which we strive, the state of mind in ourselves and in the community that we wish to bring about, depends on a human scale of values, a scale of values which alters from race to race, from generation to generation, and from individual to individual. How each of us arrives at our scale of values no one knows. For my own part, I find it best to live 'as if' the soul of man were in communion with a superhuman force which makes for righteousness. Like our understanding of nature through observation and reasoning, this communion with the spirit of love at work in the universe will be intermittent and imperfect and it will frequently fail us. But failure to know and the fall from grace is the way of all flesh."

[1]Ms. diary July 1884. Here again the interested reader must be referred to Mrs. Webb's forthcoming book, for the entries which register this change in her outlook—self-questionings, comments on books and conversations, her studies of the British economists, her early contacts with labor conditions and her characteristic exchanges with Herbert Spencer himself. The period of transition is summarized in the extensive entry on his death. p. 555.

(In a third paper, Mrs. Webb will tell of her search for a craft and her experiences as a social investigator. She will tell of the early days of the charity organization society, of settlements and housing reform; and especially of the scope and significance of Charles Booth's survey of the Life and Labor of the People of London. She will deal with the clashing philosophies which underlay these movements and which had their reverberations on this side of the Atlantic.)

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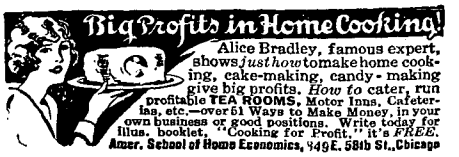
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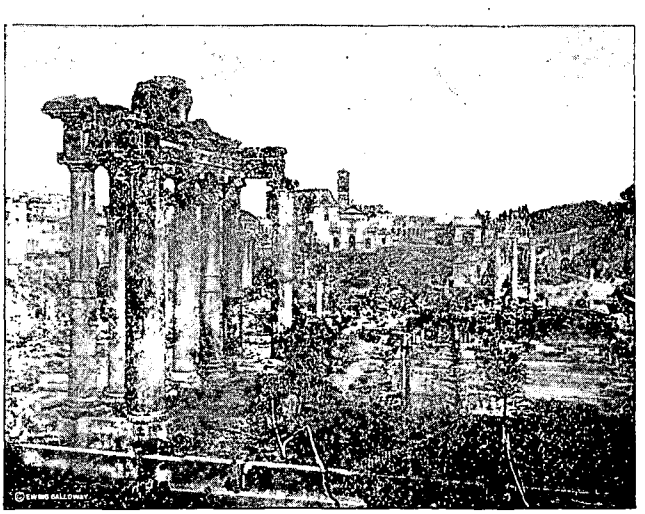

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